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JANUARY 22, 1968 40 CENTS

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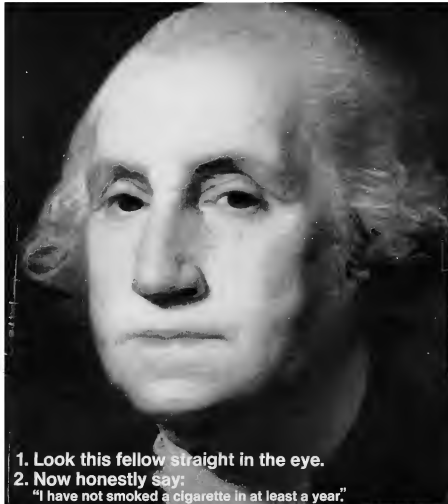
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Pick up one of our boxes. Open it. You'll love what's inside, too.



THE INTERNATIONAL ONE



Contents

JANUARY 22, 1968 Volume 28, No. 3

Cover photograph by Neil Leifer



14 Green Bay Makes It Look Easy

Methodical and businesslike, the Packers dominated Oakland and won humbly despite their own mistakes

20 Wide-open Way to Grenoble

The Swiss, the Austrians, and rain and snow have united to threaten the ski invincibility of France

22 Unlikely Heroes in Pale Blue

Columbia's intellectuals find themselves cheering a basketball team that has won national recognition

24 Johnny Bags a Winner's Pott

As the Crosby pro-am game was overwrought and Jack was putting badly, but for the victor everything was perfect

28 Squash Balls That Go Poof

One of the country's largest manufacturers finds his product—and his work—coming apart

33 The Making of a Miler

Part 2 of Ron Delany's story: the moves that led to his eventual triumph in the Olympic 1,500-meter run

42 Eddie Is the Mogul

That's what they call Eddie Gottlieb, the big man in Philadelphia sports who also gives away chocolate bars

56 Six Men in Quest of a Fish

The X Kilo Club, presided over by Pete Krenkler of "21," is born on a salmon safari to Norway

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Credits on page 71

Next week

SUPER GAME succeeds Super Bowl as two unbeaten, top-ranked basketball teams, UCLA and Houston, meet in the AstroDome, a rematch of last season's NCAA game

COMPUTER FOOTBALL is at hand, but the games will still be fought on the field. Tex Maule explains how the magic boxes help wistful pro draft choices and may guide play selection.

THE MOUTH OF THE SOUTH is Bill Currie, whose drawl inundates Carolina as he broadcasts basketball games, during which he quotes Milton, tells jokes and—maybe—the score.

The departments

11 Scorecard

46 People

48 Diving

52 Hockey

54 Bridge

71 For the Record

72 Basketball's Week

74 19th Hole

Food for thought How many of these stocks up or down

Every business day, 22 million American shareowners determine the "value" of stocks. Reason: their decisions to buy, sell, or sit tight move prices up and down, or keep them steady. There are a myriad factors on which investors and analysts base their decisions—and thereby affect the prices of *your* stocks. Take a minute now to scan five of the elements which appear significant to *Merrill Lynch* analysts. Then clip coupon for the results of their recent analyses of any of the 28 major companies listed on the opposite page.

Profitability

Is the rate of return up, down or static?

A company's *rate of return on equity capital* may be a significant guide to its stock's possible future.

Example: the rate of return for one food company improved from 5.3% in 1957 to 12.4% in 1966. The price of the company's stock soared by over 500 percent.

To find the rate of return, investors and analysts check the company's balance sheet and income statement. Many companies save them the trouble of working out the figure, by featuring it in the first few pages of their annual report.

Important: a stock's price can also be affected by anticipated rates of return. Such projections are generally the province of research specialists. Merrill Lynch suggests you ask for our Research Department's estimate of a company's future returns before making buy/sell decisions on the stock.

Leverage

A brief explanation—and a word of caution

Don't let Wall Street terms like "leverage" bother you. (If you've ever jacked



Clip coupon for our analysts' appraisals of major companies

up a car in anger, you know what leverage means.)

In the market, a stock is called "high-leveraged" if the company is obligated to pay a large amount of bond interest (and/or preferred dividends) in relation to earnings.

Example: if a company earns \$600,000, and must pay bond interest of \$500,000, it has just \$100,000 before taxes available for dividends to stockholders.

If the company has a good year, and earnings increase to \$700,000, it still only owes \$500,000 in bond interest, but has \$200,000 before taxes available for dividends. Double the amount that was available before.

If the company has a poor year,

and earnings drop to \$500,000, it still owes \$500,000 in bond interest. There's *nothing* at all left for dividends.

With a high-leveraged company, even a small rise or fall in pre-tax earnings may make a dramatic difference to the price of the stock. Up or down.

Some speculators have made fortunes in high-leveraged stocks. Some have lost fortunes.

Moral: don't play around with high-leveraged stocks—unless you can afford to lose as well as gain.

Price-Earnings Ratio

In line? Above the line?
Or somewhere down the line?

To get the "P/E ratio" for the stock that interests you, check the price in *your* newspaper, and the annual earnings-per-share on the company's regular financial reports.

Example: your stock is selling at \$30, and annual earnings are \$2 per share. Price-earnings ratio: 15 to 1.

The P/E ratio of any stock is only meaningful when you compare it with the P/E ratios of other stocks in the same industry.

If other stocks in the same industry as yours have a higher average P/E ratio (30 to 1, for instance), there may be something about your company that requires further investigation.

One possibility: the prospect of earnings-per-share (those anticipated for the current year, or even for next year) may be lower than those in the company's latest report—and well-informed investors may be selling the stock. For our Research Department's earnings forecasts on more than 2,000 companies, stop by your nearest Merrill Lynch office.

from Merrill Lynch: factors can move your during 1968?

How to open an account at a Merrill Lynch Investment Information Center.

Opening an account with us is much like opening a charge account at a department store, assuming you are over 21 years old.

Simply ask to see the office manager. Or, if you prefer, write us, giving your name and address, phone, citizenship, Social Security number, bank, and your (or husband's) employer and position—plus your signature.

When we have accepted your account, you'll be able to place your orders anytime, anywhere, merely by picking up the phone.

Whether or not you have business to transact, you are always welcome to visit any Merrill Lynch office for investment information. Just walk in!

News and Rumors

Plain or fancy, fact or fantasy?

It takes a bold man to say with certainty whether the market is going up or down. (Only your barber knows for sure.)

Merrill Lynch does not know for certain what the market will do. We spend millions of dollars analyzing the news, but the market makes up its own mind—every minute, every hour, every day.

The market reacts not only to news, but to rumors. Rumors about a company's earnings, its management, its newest product.

Sometimes these rumors turn out to be true. More often they are false. True or false, they cause some people to buy and sell. The result is that prices move up or down—because the price of every stock depends on supply and demand.

Suggestion for skeptics: If you'd like to check on what is behind the rumors, check with Merrill Lynch. Our analysts have a city editor's ear for hard news. We also have a network of 170 offices around the world and 310,000 miles of private wire. Result: we can get news to you fast—from all over.

Management

Is it competent to compete?

Many analysts view a company's management as the dominating element in the evaluation of a stock.

However, sizing up management is also among the most complex tasks that analysts—and investors—have to face.

Here, as a guide, are some of the facets of management taken into ac-

count by analysts in Merrill Lynch's Research Department:

- age and experience
- adaptability to changing conditions
- willingness to invest in research and development
- aggressiveness
- ability to make effective use of manpower
- standing in the eyes of competitive managements

Forming judgments, as we do, on more than two-thousand companies is a formidable undertaking. Fitting the management piece into the rest of the jigsaw puzzle is even more demanding. That's why we spend over \$5 million a year on Research. Our findings are yours for the asking. No cost, no obligation.

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These men are professionals. Two in football, three in steels... Crucible steels.

As a sports fan, you know the value of a real pro. You've seen games won on the strength of men who could do a specific job, and do it well.

Crucible is a pro. One of the world's largest producers of specialty materials. Materials developed to do specific jobs— withstand corrosion, resist extreme heat, stand up under great stress, machine faster, wear longer.

This requires people who are specialists. Researchers to develop the

newest. Producers to get the highest quality at the lowest possible cost. Customer-men to see to it that the right material is there at the right time.

John Eberhart, second from left, heads a staff of field men who specialize in stainless and titanium flat rolled and alloy steel applications. Fourth from the left, Dave Cannon, directs men who concentrate on high alloy and stainless tubing. Dwight Kaufmann, extreme right, is responsible for the sales and service of

tool steels and stainless, titanium and high temperature alloy bars. Crucible also has specialists in other types of materials such as permanent magnets—even in heavy-duty springs and agricultural discs and colters.

The other two professionals? Kicking specialist Jim Bakken, St. Louis Cardinals, and Don Anderson, hard-running back of the Green Bay Packers. Crucible Steel Company, Four Gateway Center, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15230.



John P. Eberhart, Vice President-Sales, Midland Division
Dave C. Cannon, Executive Vice President, Trest Tube Division
Dwight W. Kaufmann, Vice President-Sales, Syracuse Division



Texaco brings you the Winter Olympics

From February 4-18 on ABC-TV, we'll be presenting the Winter Olympics from Grenoble, France. Before you sit down to watch, sit down with your automobile warranty and read it. You'll find it can't protect your engine against the things that cause ordinary wear and tear. Things like friction. Acid. Heat. Rust. Things that may be robbing your engine of power and mileage. That's why Texaco has created a new Havoline Motor Oil, which we'll tell you about on our Olympics telecasts. A new Havoline that's



..and a new Havoline Motor Oil.

been improved to reduce friction better, neutralize acids better, resist heat better, and prevent rust better. In fact, no other leading premium motor oil tested did all of these things as well. We mean it when we say: You can trust your car to the man who wears the Texaco star. Texaco sells more gasoline than anybody else. We're first... and we think that's a big responsibility.



There's really only one way to go Wide-Tracking in '68. Aren't you glad?

Pontiac's monopoly on Wide-Tracking goes unchallenged for the tenth consecutive year. However, success has not led to complacency on our part—as the '68 Grand Prix captured below so elegantly illustrates. For instance, the Grand Prix is endowed with upholstery of rich, supple Morrokide or combination cloth and Morrokide. Its doors and dash are adorned with Carpathian burl'd elm vinyl. And thick nylon-blend carpeting lies underfoot. But don't let Grand Prix's opulence and beautiful,

sweeping lines dull your sense of adventure. For 350 hp from a 400-cu.-in. V-8 coupled to dual exhausts hints that this personal luxury car is equally at home in the world of concrete and asphalt. Grand Prix even comes with bucket seats, rich console and stick shift—floor-mounted, of course. But enough talk. Wide-Tracking is something that's meant to be experienced. And the only way you can go Wide-Tracking is to see your Pontiac dealer. Naturally.

Pontiac's legendary performance comes in many guises. Look for the Grand Prix, Tempest, Firebird, GTO, LeMans, Toronado and the Fire Formula. Pontiac Motor Division



Wide-Track **1968** Pontiacs

SCORECARD

1.6 AND ALL THAT

For years the Ivy League colleges and other members of the National Collegiate Athletic Association battled against the 1.6 rule, which required that a student have established that he could do a minimum of 1.6 academic work (equal to a C-minus—4.0 is A) before getting an athletic scholarship. Furthermore, he had to maintain it. At last week's NCAA convention the colleges voted to eliminate the latter requirement. That still left Rutgers University, which normally requires a B-minus grade, in a dilemma.

On last year's Rutgers freshman football team was a student who had been admitted on a "need" scholarship with indications that he could do only 1.542 work, though educators believed he would improve. A Negro, his background was culturally disadvantaged, his mother was widowed and a college education was out of the question without financial help. Suspension followed.

Now Rutgers must choose whether to stand by its policy—and thus be barred indefinitely from NCAA championships—or abandon it. Walter Byers, executive director of the NCAA, who takes his orders from the colleges, says, "Rutgers has its fate in its own hands."

The 1.6 rule was a step, though an inadequate one, to ensure that athletes representing NCAA schools are really bona fide students. In fact 1.6 does not bar a college from admitting a dubious student and feeding him courses in dancing and knitting for four years, while he plays football. Rutgers feels that some students from poor secondary schools should have a chance at college "with full rights and privileges to participate in all undergraduate activities," as Dr. Mason W. Gross, president, put it. Otherwise, he said in a letter to the NCAA convention, "it would be an act of cruelty that I can never condone."

Indications are that dear old Rutgers, willing to die for a principle, will stick

by its guns. We sympathize with the college and with the student. Perhaps, next time around, some flexibility could be written into the 1.6 rule so that colleges of high standards, like Rutgers and the Ivy schools, could give aid to the deserving disadvantaged and allow for improvement without running into a wall of legalisms.

SHAD SERVE FOR WIMBLEDON

It might be a very good Wimbledon at that, despite the announcement by Giorgio de Stefani, president of the International Lawn Tennis Federation, that Great Britain is suspended, as of April 22, because of its decision to make tennis as "open" in competition between amateurs and professionals as golf has been for years.

For one thing, not a few amateurs have said they are going to ignore the ILTF ruling and compete at Wimbledon—among them Roy Emerson, Arthur Ashe, Charles Pasarelli and Pierre Darmon, who is France's top-ranked player—and, for another, professionals like John Newcombe, Rod Laver, Lew Hoad and Pancho Gonzalez have signified their intention of competing. Amateur ladies who are thinking it over, with a favorable leaning toward the British position, are Billie Jean King, holder of the Wimbledon title for the past two years, Francoise Durr of France, internationally rated No. 3, Mrs. Margaret Court of Australia (two-time winner as Margaret Smith) and Maria Bueno of Brazil, three-time champion.

The ILTF announcement seemed designed to put pressure on the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association, which meets February 3 to consider what its stand will be, and the Lawn Tennis Association of Australia, which has scheduled a conference for January 30. Unfortunately, no one expects either to give wholehearted support to the British, but out of it all there may come a compromise along the lines of the "authorized player" proposal: some players would be permi-

ted to accept payment openly while retaining "amateur" status.

Meanwhile hundreds of thousands of true amateurs around the world will continue to play tennis just for the fun of it while wishing that their beloved game was ruled by integrity rather than hypocrisy.

SPRING'S HERALD

Odds on baseball's 1968 pennant races have just been issued by Bill Dark, odds-maker at the Del Mar Race and Sports Club, Las Vegas. And here they are.

National League—Cardinals 8-5; Pirates 5-2; Giants 3-1; Cubs 4-1; Reds 5-1; Phillies 1-1; Braves 8-1; Dodgers 15-1; Astros 75-1; and Mets 200-1.

American League—Twins 2-1; Orioles 5-2; Tigers 3-1; White Sox 5-1; Red Sox 6-1; Angels 8-1; Indians 15-1; Yankees 50-1; Senators 75-1; Oakland 100-1.

SHERLOCK STALKS AGAIN

The Swiss Alps, customarily a show-place for skiers in the latest Ernst Engel parka or Michèle Rosier stretch pants, soon will be assailed by 150 visitors clad in quite different costumes—the legendary skulthing gear of Sherlock



Holmes. The checked capes and deer-stalker caps will be worn by members of worldwide Sherlock Holmes societies drawn from such aficionado clubs as the Baker Street Irregulars and the Sons of the Copper Beeches. Dedicated to the conviction that Holmes is still alive, they will gather in April for a pilgrimage across Switzerland. In solving a crime-puzzle competition they will traverse the very route taken by their detective hero on one of his chases after the arch-villain, Professor Moriarty, "the Napoleon

continued

MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS

BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK



CREDIT CARD.

Last summer, a traveling trouble-shooter for the Belden Corporation (the wire and cable people) found a whole new use for *BUSINESS WEEK*. He tried to pay a hotel bill with a \$100 company check, but the clerk politely refused to honor it. Reason: he never heard of the company.

Fortunately, the engineer spotted the manager's copy of the August 19, 1967 *BUSINESS WEEK* on a nearby table, and brought it to the desk. In that issue were four full-page ads for Belden, the initial insertion in the company's big new corporate campaign. The impressed clerk cashed the check and all ended happily.

Of course, Belden never expected this bonus when they began their BW advertising. A survey had shown the need for a campaign to impress management and financial executives with the size and scope of Belden. And the survey showed that there was no more efficient (or prestigious) way to reach them than our own magazine.

However, we don't think *BUSINESS WEEK* has much of a future as a credit card. Ever try to slip a copy into your wallet?

You advertise in
BUSINESS WEEK
to inform
management



A McGraw-Hill Magazine

SCORECARD *continued*

of crime," as Holmes once called him.

The tour is basically a tribute to Holmes's inventor, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, whose contribution to Switzerland was something rather more substantial than a few brief references in his books. According to the late William S. Baring-Gould in his recent *The Annotated Sherlock Holmes* (published by Clarkson N. Potter, 2 vols., boxed, \$25), Sir Arthur was a diversified sportsman. Besides his excellence in cricket, billiards, motor racing and boxing (in 1910 he was invited to referee the Jack Johnson-Jim Jeffries heavyweight title fight, but declined), Doyle crossed an Alpine pass on skis in 1894, thereby becoming one of Switzerland's first sporting skiers.

YEAR OF DECISION

Prancing about E. P. Taylor's Windfields Farm in Ontario is a small, chunky 2-year-old colt, whose name, Northern Myth, suggests his ancestry. He is, of course, the son of Northern Dancer, Canada's greatest Thoroughbred, and one of 22 such colts and fillies who can claim that lineage. They reached the 2-year-old classification on New Year's Day, and before 1968 is out the racing world will know whether Northern Dancer can transmit to his progeny the qualities he gained from his dam, Natalma, a Native Dancer mare, and Nearctic, his sire.

Such quality is a lot to ask. Northern Dancer won 14 of his 18 starts, among them the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness, and always finished in the money. A bowed tendon forced him to stud, but not until he had earned \$580,806. Now his stud fee is \$10,000, and one of his sons sold for \$240,000 as a weanling.

The one who most resembles his sire, in conformation and disposition, is Northern Myth. This year will tell whether the Myth, or any of his brothers and sisters, can run like daddy did.

LITTLE MAN STANDS TALL

Its reputation for academic excellence is shining, but little Kenyon College, an all-male liberal arts school of 809 students situated in central Ohio, seldom has been noted for its prowess in sport except, perhaps, tennis and swimming. And once, in the dam past, it used to beat Ohio State at football. In another era, though, it went through its gridiron schedule without scoring a single point.

Now John Rinka, a sophomore, has come upon the scene.

A brash youngster with every shot as the basketball book, Rinka stands only 5' 9" high, but on a recent three-game road trip he showed that victory is not necessarily only to the tall. Kenyon won two games in St. Louis, 99-81 over Missouri's St. Louis branch, 91-77 over Washington University, with Rinka scoring 34 and 30 points. On the third night, in Louisville, the little fellow went berserk against Kentucky Southern. He succeeded with 21 of 33 field-goal attempts, 17 from long range, and made 13 free throws without a miss. Of the 133 points Kenyon scored to Kentucky Southern's 94, Rinka accounted for 55, the most ever scored by an Ohio Conference player in any game. His team's total was a record, too. The spree made his average 34.5 points a game, tops among the nation's small colleges.

The explanation is to be found in dedication (perhaps obsession). Rinka averaged six hours of basketball a day last summer. He carried a basketball around the Kenyon campus all fall. During the season he averages between 500 and 600 long shots a day.

LABOR RELATIONS A LA SKI

In the middle of mountains of slag, in the flat and foggy coal-mining country of northern France, sits the Duhamel Textile Company at Harnes. The factory owner, Léon Duhamel, was born into a working-class family and has not forgotten it.

As it is everywhere, the coal-mining country around Harnes is ugly and depressing. But when they took their vacations practically all the 500 employees, mostly girls, used to stay in Harnes. Duhamel decided that they should all be able to see a healthier, more agreeable part of France each year. His son, Léon-Claude, a skier, remembered France's *classes de neige* (snow classes) for school children, in which they study half of the time and ski half of the time.

Now the Duhamels have built a handsome modern chalet, mostly glass and pine, at Saint-Serlin-d'Arves, 25 miles east of Grenoble at an altitude of 4,900 feet. There are five ski tows that take skiers up to 7,500 feet. The chalet's workshop looks out on a lovely Alpine landscape. In a second section are a restaurant and recreation room, and in a third there are living accommodations

for 40, who arrive in groups for a four-week stay. To pay for transportation, food, ski lessons and ski-tow tickets, the factory's employees enthusiastically voted to work an extra half hour a day every working day in the year without pay, except when they are at Saint-Sorlin, where ordinarily they sew from 7 to 10 a.m., then ski until 4 p.m., then work three hours more.

Now everybody in Harnes wants to work for Duhamel.

BIG DEAL IN BIG D

The owner of the Dallas Cowboys, Clint Murchison Jr., wants to build the world's finest football arena—Texas Stadium—in the Dallas suburb of Irving. The stadium, complete with "acres of carefully planned, well-lighted parking," safe, silent escalators to whisk spectators to the Upper Concourse, comfortable theater-type seating, and a partial dome to protect spectators from exposure to rain or sun or wind, "would seat 58,000 fans in facilities matched only by the Astrodome in Houston."

Texas Stadium would be financed by \$250 revenue bonds. The purchase of one or more would entitle a fan to buy a \$48 season ticket to Cowboy home games.

Naturally, there is opposition. J. Erik Jonsson, mayor of Dallas, says the 75,000-seat Cotton Bowl "present home of the Cowboys—will be renovated, splintery seats and all. Murchison says the Cotton Bowl still will be obsolete despite renovation and, if Cowboy fans will purchase \$10 million of the \$15 million worth of bonds needed to build the new facility, he will proceed with construction."

A sportswriter studied an architect's drawing of the stadium, which showed only the playing field uncovered.

"Would you," he asked Murchison, "call this a half-Astrodome?"

Murchison conceded that he might

THEY SAID IT

• Howie Dallmar, Stanford basketball coach, objecting to the rating of UCLA as No. 1 college team: "I don't think they deserve to be better than No. 4, behind the Philadelphia 76ers, San Francisco Warriors and Boston Celtics."

• Sam Snead, hinting he may retire from golf soon: "The only reason I ever played golf in the first place was so I could afford to hunt and fish."

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Meet the KODAK INSTAMATIC M95 Movie Projector—with seven projection speeds. It lets you show movies in fascinating slow motion, at normal speed or in hilarious fast action—either forward or reverse! You can even freeze on a single frame for a good long look. Switch from one speed to another as often and as fast as you wish.

There's more: Flick another switch and this Kodak projector is all set to show either super 8 or regular 8mm movies. And

they come on bright and stay bright, thanks to the bright new quartz halogen DNF lamp.

Many other features. Fully automatic film threading. Large 400-foot reel capacity. Low silhouette design, handles like an attaché case when closed. Die-cast metal body. Choice of big-image 22mm f/1.5 lens or f/1.5 zoom lens. At your Kodak dealer's. From less than \$200.

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Kodak Instamatic® M95 Movie Projector

GREEN BAY, HANDILY

Never really pressed, the Packers neatly chopped up the Raiders in the Super Bowl. They were at least in part motivated by a desire to win this one for Vince Lombardi, who was hinting that he might retire **by TEX MAULE**

Playing methodically and almost without verve, the Green Bay Packers won the championship of professional football Sunday under the warm Miami sun. They beat the Oakland Raiders 33-14 on what can only be described as an off day. To be sure, an off day for Green Bay is equivalent, roughly, to a superhuman effort by most mortal teams. Against the young, eager and at times impressive Raiders, the off day certainly was enough.

"I thought I was ready for this one," Forrest Gregg, the Green Bay offensive tackle, said. Gregg, 34 years old, has been around for 11 years and this was his eighth championship game. "When I got out there, I just did not have the zip I had against Dallas and Los Angeles," he said. "It was mechanical. It's been a long, long season."

Lee Roy Caffey, the Green Bay corner linebacker, agreed with him. "It's tough to get up again when you've been on the sack for two big games," he said. "I know we did not play as well as we have. We made mistakes we don't make in most games. But I guess it turned out all right, didn't it?"

That it did. Even making unaccustomed mistakes and playing with something less than the fire that animated them through the last five minutes against Dallas and all day against Los Angeles, Green Bay was clearly superior to a Raider team that had won 14 games and lost only one in the AFL.

"They're getting better," Henry Joe-

dan said after the game. "If they improve as much each year, they'll be on a par with us soon. I think this was a tougher team than Kansas City, especially on defense. And the AFL is becoming much more sophisticated on offense. I think the league has always had good personnel, but the blocks were subtler and better conceived in this game."

Jordan paused and reflected for a moment. "They were in the same position we were in before our first championship game against Philadelphia," he said. "That was the first big one for a lot of us—me, Nitschke, Thurston, Skoronski, Starr—lots of us. We thought we were ready and would win, but we weren't and we got beat. All of us have regretted that ever since. We have never forgotten it. We don't talk about it much, but it's always in the back of our minds in a game like this. I'm sure they'll regret this one, too."

The game itself was so nearly what most people had expected it to be that it lacked the suspense that creates excitement in professional football. The Packers, no team for frillery, did all the things they have done so well for so long. The first time they got the ball, Starr directed them in his businesslike way from the Green Bay 34 to the Oakland 32 and Don Chandler kicked a 39-yard field goal. At the end of the first period, Starr marched them from the Green Bay three to the Oakland 13 and Chandler kicked another field goal. The longest gains on the two drives were a

17-yard pass to Carroll Dale, who had gotten behind Willie Brown, and a 14-yard run by Starr himself.

The Oakland corner backs, as expected, played much tighter on the Green Bay wide receivers than is customary in the NFL. This cost them a touchdown in the second quarter when Starr, on first down from his own 38, found Floyd Dowler deep down the middle for a 62-yard touchdown.

"I just bulled by Kent McCloughan," Dowler said. "He was playing me tight and he bumped me and I ran through him. It was a little post pattern, and when I got by no one was left."

The Raiders produced their best football of the day just after that. They were behind by 13 points, if they had been stopped again the game might well have become a rout. But Darryle Lamonica, the rather brash but very good young Oakland quarterback, went to work with all the poise of a Starr. He ran Pete Banaszak and Hewitt Dixon into the line, and for the first time they made good yardage. He had tried to send them wide earlier, but Green Bay's linebackers are too fast for backs who have no more speed than these two. They went over tackle for their gains. Lamonica passed once to Banaszak and wound up the drive by passing to End Bill Miller behind Tom Brown in the corner of the end zone.

"I was supposed to take him deep and I played him too soft," Brown said later. "Dave Robinson

continued

Boyd Dowler, all alone as he grabs Starr's first-down pass, bulled past a lone defender to score the Packers' first touchdown on a 62-yard play.





End Boy Miller lands on his heels and knees after eluding Tim Brown at the goal line to score touchdown that put Raiders back in the game.

GREEN BAY *coachhead*

dropped back as far with him as he could and I should have taken him."

Brown was to make almost the same mistake later on Oakland's second touchdown, a pass to Miller that came out of the same double-wing formation that had generated the first. This set was designed to isolate Miller on Brown and it succeeded those two times—but no more.

In the second half the Packers went their usual way, waiting for the Raiders to err and scoring when they did. They

seemed a bit sharper and more determined than they had in the first half and Jerry Kramer, the offensive guard, explained why.

"Some of us old heads got together," he said, "We decided we'd play the last 30 minutes for the old man. I wouldn't be surprised if Lombardi [see cover] retires before too long and all of us love him. We didn't want to let him down."

Kramer, unlike many of his teammates, had been excited by this game.

"I don't know why," he said. "It just built and built for me. I got up this morning, put my shorts on backwards and, for the first time in my life, I forgot a team meeting. I was having breakfast with my wife when I suddenly realized I was supposed to be someplace else. One funny thing about this one—we made more mental mistakes than I can ever remember our making in any other game."

Despite the mistakes, Starr put togeth-



But Oakland's hopes faded and then were crushed when Herb Adderley strode into the end zone after a 60-yard run with an intercepted pass.

er the game clincher early in the third quarter and the big play was a call that is, for him, standard operating procedure. It was third down and one on the Green Bay 40. Starr faked to the full-back going into the line, dropped back and lofted the ball to elderly Max McGee, who had replaced Dowler. Starr has used this play successfully many, many times in the NFL, but it seemed to come as a complete surprise to the young Raiders.

"One of the safeties woke up late," McGee said. "He started over and Bart saw him and adjusted to throw away from him. That's why I had to turn around to catch the ball. It was a great throw by Bart."

McGee caught the ball behind Rodger Bird for a 35-yard gain to the Oakland 25-yard line. Donny Anderson and Dale caught two shorter passes down to the Oakland one, and then Anderson cantered through a wide gap in the

Raider line for the second touchdown.

In the fourth period Herb Adderley ran 60 yards with an intercepted pass to put the game far out of reach. "We designed the defense to take away their runs," Adderley said. "We wanted to make them put the ball in the air. That's the way we like it. This time Lamónica was trying to hit Boletnikov on a slant-in, and I played the ball and cut in front of him. It was no gamble." Shuddering blocks by Jordan and Ron Kos-

continued



teknik cleared Adderley's path to the goal line.

As they do for all games, the Packers prepared for the Super Bowl with all the emotion of a surgeon scrubbing for a routine operation. They were stationed at the Galt Ocean Mile Motel, a sunny, comfortable hostelry on the ocean some 30 miles from Miami and, fittingly enough, they worked out on the field the New York Yankees use. For the week they were there, the field assumed some of the glamour of the glory days of the Yanks. Lombardi, who for two years has been hunting that he may retire, seemed a bit drawn at the end of what has been a particularly demanding season, and so did the team. During the first two days in the Florida sun the players were a bit sluggish, but tongue-lashings by Lombardi got them out of that quickly enough. By the Thursday before the game, the club was operating with its accustomed efficiency and Lombardi eased up a bit.

Even this minor problem was not apparent to outsiders. Unlike Oakland, Green Bay is not an openly emotional team. But implied in Lombardi's hints at retirement was the possibility that this would be his last game as a coach. Implied, too, was the possibility that this would be the last game for some other longtime Green Bay heroes. Lombardi and his veterans needed no greater incentive. If they were going to retire, it would not be after a loss to an AFL team.

Paul Hornung, driving a multicolored jalopy, visited his old teammates and revealed how strong Lombardi's hold is on his players, even after they have retired. "I had a dream the other night that I came by and sneaked Max McGee out after hours," he said. "Vinnie found out about it and darned if he didn't fine me five thousand bucks, even if I wasn't with the team any longer. The thing that woke me up was that I dreamed I paid the fine."

The players were not overly impressed by what they saw of Oakland in the three moves the Raiders provided them for scouting purposes. Although they would not say so for publication, among themselves they were more or less agreed that the Raider execution was not as crisp as it is on a good NFL team and

that there was more loafing in the AFL games than in the NFL. The year before, watching the Chiefs' films, they had occasionally broken into laughter at some Kansas City gaffes. They tuttered only rarely this time, but once, when the Raider safety men collided and fell down, they laughed out loud.

One Oakland player they were not impressed with was Ben Davidson, the Raiders' defensive end, who had spent a brief period as a Packer.

"I remember Davidson," said Jordan, reflectively. "We just called him Big Ben in those days and he didn't wear a mustache. I remember when he showed up, a big tall guy unfolding from a little Porsche sports car. We aren't any more worried about his reputation for meanness than we were worried about The Hammer last year. If he gets dirty, we may chastise him, but I don't expect we'll have to."

Whenever the players appeared to be taking Oakland too lightly, Lombardi hauled out the film of the Oakland-San Francisco exhibition game played before the season began. The Raiders lost that one 13-10, but they gave a tough, accomplished San Francisco team all it could handle before succumbing.

Tactically, Lombardi and his coaches decided that they would be able to run off-tackle and to run sweeps against an Oakland defense that showed a tendency to clog up the middle. Starr's passing plans included a preponderance of quick turnover passes. Oakland's defenses differ from those the Packers usually see in the NFL; Coach John Rauch likes to use an odd line with a man head to head on the center, his tackles head to head on the tackles and two linebackers playing opposite the offensive guards. He sometimes puts Defensive Tackle Can Birdwell out with the tight end.

Against this, the Packers felt they would be successful with a quick flare pass to a halfback, since the linebackers would be too far inside to provide fast enough coverage on the back. A similar pass to Chuck Mercein gained 19 yards against Dallas in Green Bay's final drive in the NFL Championship Game.

The veterans all expected Travis Williams and Oenny Anderson to have a good day against Oakland. Bob Skoronski, the offensive tackle and team

captain, said, "Anderson has looked beautiful the last two weeks. And it's hard to believe that Williams is a rookie. He follows his blockers and sets up his blocks like an oldtimer."

The Raiders were extraordinarily careful to say nothing that might incite Green Bay. They spoke of the Packers with exaggerated respect, but professed no fear. Many of Oakland's young players recall watching current Packer stars on television during their junior high school days. "It's a little like playing against your father," one of them said. "These guys were my childhood heroes."

Most confident of the Raiders was Lamonica, completing his first full season as a starting quarterback. "I know we can win tomorrow," he said flatly the day before the game. "Those predictions—Oakland a two-touchdown underdog—are ridiculous. Green Bay is a great football team. There can be no doubt about that. We respect them. But we should have been undefeated this year. You're a good football team when you come close to winning 15 games in a row. This is a young, strong football team. It makes mistakes, but all year it proved it could overcome them."

After the game, Lombardi smiled happily. "It wasn't our best effort," he said. "All year it seems like when we get a couple of touchdowns ahead, we let up. Maybe that's the sign of a veteran team. I don't know."

Someone asked him if he planned to retire, and he smiled again but did not answer.

Gene Upshaw, the rookie Raider offensive guard who played opposite Jordan, came into the Packer dressing room after most people had left and sat down next to him. Jordan introduced him to Gregg. "Here's a fine young ballplayer who did a hell of a job on an old man today," Jordan said, smiling.

"I told 'em in the All-Star Game, Oakland would be in the Super Bowl," Upshaw said. "I've learned a little since then, Henry."

"If you learn as much next year, I'd hate to get you again," Jordan said. He thought about that and added, "Still, I hope we see you again next January."

"Let's make it a date," Upshaw said. It is a date both players probably will keep.

END

Barb Starr: the calculating mastermind of the Packer offense, proved once again that he can scramble when he ran for 14 yards in the first quarter.

WIDE-OPEN WAY TO GRENOBLE

Not snow nor rain nor Jean-Claude Killy have been able to stop an Austrian and Swiss onslaught against what everyone until now had been assuming was a French sinecure—total supremacy

by DAN JENKINS

For more than three weeks now, on some of the snowiest Alps in the history of postcards, the world's best ski racers have been trying to drive toward an Olympic peak through blizzard, fog and French confidence. Last week it became clear that the French, dominant for the last four years, have some cause for alarm. The Austrians and the Swiss, who have been out for bratwurst lately, are immensely improved and suddenly there are an awful lot of hungry skiers around. Indeed, the stars of the early season have not been France's Jean-Claude Killy and Marnette Gotschel, although they have not been bad, but an old Austrian campaigner named Gerhard Nennung and a young Austrian girl named Gertrud Gabl and two strong Swiss, Edmond Bruggmann and Du-meng Giovanoli. All but Gertrud have been around a while but have never been any better known than some vacationing curlers from Sussex.

As the racers dig their way out of the snowbanks of Wengen and Grindelwald in Switzerland and moved on to Austria's Kitzbühel and Bad Gastein for the last big pre-Olympic races, the French received some additional shocks. There were Bruggmann and Giovanoli, both leading Killy, and there was Gabl, leading the French girls in the World Cup standings, which are designed to prove the top racers over the season. And there was Nennung, who has been on the circuit so long it sometimes seems he is older than the Arlberg Pass, celebrating a victory in the only downhill that has been run. Nennung won the famed Lauberhorn last Saturday by a stunning three seconds over Killy, who

finished 13th and uncharacteristically sulked away.

In that race the Swiss, led by Bruggmann's close third, placed four men in the top six, and this is something they have been doing in recent giant slaloms, too. Then on Sunday the snow changed to rain, and in a slalom that is usually fast and icy, Giovanoli won, while Killy fell and sulked away again.

Whether they are truly worried or not, the French are pretending that none of this matters because of the conditions under which all of the races have been held in France, Germany and Switzerland. It has been snowing like a fairy tale since Christmas, forcing cancellation of some races, a postponement of others, and making Alp-to-Alp travel a deranged sort of thrill for everybody. Practically every race has been staged on heavy, soft courses and Killy and the French are consoling themselves that these conditions have helped make the Austrians and Swiss look good.

Killy, who has still won two races, which is as many as Nennung and more than anyone else, relaxed in Wengen and tried to put it all in perspective.

"The Austrians had to start fast because they have been so bad," he said. "They have been training hard and they look good, but we think they are too good too soon."

Happy to be out of the clutches of the European journalists who have mobbed him and then practically written him off, Killy was in a hotel lobby, graciously signing autographs for children and trying to hide the disappointment he felt at having tripped in a hell-bent slalom run that would have

wiped out the field by several seconds.

"I need to win to show them again," he said. "I know what it is with the Swiss. The Head skis they are using are perfect for these conditions, and they have a new training program. But they always start fast, and later something happens to them."

He sighed and said, "My trouble is that I was too good last year. I can never top myself, and yet everyone expects it."

Although Killy still looks superb on a course, he has raced a trifle thoughtlessly so far, almost as if he was so certain that nothing could go wrong that he needn't bother with incidentals like checking his bindings and being sure of his wax. Killy has servants who rig up his skis and boots for him; all he does is step in and ski. They also wax for him, and he trusts they are right. A binding came loose in a race at Val d'Isère, and he fell. And he definitely had bad wax in the Lauberhorn downhill. Actually none of the French relaxed as did the Swiss and Austrians.

But it is silly for anyone to panic about him. He still has two firsts, a second and a fourth in giant slalom to his credit, which is a record most of the racers would give up a pension for.

Meanwhile, Nennung, Bruggmann and Giovanoli are enjoying their glory. After taking the Lauberhorn, the biggest downhill he has ever won, Nennung said, "I was confident because I had the best nonstop time. But I have grown used to being second to someone else. I was certain Killy would win, even though we have worked hard to beat the French. I still think he will come back on top."

Nenning, who is burly for a ski racer, said, "I'm as surprised at the Swiss as anyone. Bruggmann surprises me very much. He has never come up to the big races before."

Bruggmann is 24, an electronics engineer who looks Italian. He is a little surprised at himself, at the first, second and third places he has won. "Beating Killy in the first giant slalom I raced against him gave me great confidence," he says. "It isn't the conditions that have helped us. We've had some money to train with for the first time. Our coaches made a television appeal for money, and the results let us train hard and earn what we've won."

If the Swiss and Austrians continue to look good at Kitzbühel, then the Olympics at Grenoble will be much more wide open than anyone ever imagined.

The men began at Wengen just after the girls finished at Grindelwald, which is about a 45-minute ride away by cog railway with the Jungfrau out one win-

dow and the Eiger out another, and over there Gertrud Gabl, who is only 19, continued to prove that she has little regard for Marielle Goitschel or even Canada's Nancy Greene, who won her way up to Marielle's level last year. Gertrud, a gentle, feminine, slender girl, won the Grindelwald slalom and took over the World Cup lead. A brunette with brown eyes and a sweet smile, she is the daughter of Pepi Gabl, an assistant director of the ski school at Stowe. In the six big races the girls have had, she has not fallen once and hasn't finished worse than eighth.

As far as falling is concerned, the Americans have done a fair job of standing up and quietly pointing ahead, even though they haven't exactly shaken the buckles off the French, Swiss and Austrian boots. Billy Kidd has consistently stood up, has placed in the top five in five of seven races, and has convinced Coach Bob Beattie that he has recovered from past injuries. He is sking

extremely well technically. "He hasn't turned on any speed yet," says Beattie, "but he's pacing himself." Jimmy Heuga, who always starts slow, is perking up, but not as rapidly as Spider Sabich, who sped to eighth in the Lauberhorn slalom—starting in the third seed—and wound up seventh in combined. For a first appearance, it was quite a feat.

The American girls, meanwhile, are something else. Except for Karen Budge, an 18-year-old, they had done very little up to last week, mostly because they simply had not recovered from a series of injuries last year. To bolster the squad three youngsters were brought over, all fiery and wearing Levis for après-ski. They were Kiki Cutter, Judy Nagel and Erica Skinner, a fetching trio of teenagers who are not only pretty but get down a mountain like gunshot.

If at least one of them, most likely Kiki Cutter, does not make the team before Grenoble, it might be the biggest upset of the whole season. **END**



Dürrenberg Giovanni of Switzerland, Gerhard Nenning and Gertrud Gabl of Austria won the first important ski competitions of the Olympic winter.

UNLIKELY HEROES IN PALE BLUE

To their own astonishment, the longhairs of Columbia find themselves basketball fans, cheering on a collection of studious athletes who may win the Ivy and already have earned national recognition

by JOE JARES



Under the running track and in front of the pillars, Roger Walaszek scores against Colgate.

Hurrying across the campus tundra, bundled up in layers of Eskimo overwear, the men of Columbia University looked a bit cheezy than usual last week, as if they had just signed up for Intermediate Japanese and found out the professor gave only A's. But the real reason was basketball. Columbia has a team to be cheerful about, which is on the far side of phenomenal. Possibly because it is buried in the concrete of Manhattan, Columbia's soil is far less encouraging to the flowering of athletic excellence than even that of its fellow Ivy League establishments. And for most of its students, the pursuit of scholarship is unrelieved by intimations of glory in the games undergraduates play. So it is a pleasure as well as a surprise on Morningside Heights that the Lions, having won the Holiday Festival in Madison Square Garden, threaten Princeton's Ivy supremacy and are considered to be one of the 10 best in the nation.

Few schools needed the boost more. Last summer a man named Robert L. Struckman gave Columbia licensing and royalty rights to a cigarette filter he invented but, instead of the anticipated influx of gold, there has been nothing but bad publicity and a request from the donor to end the agreement. Oh, well, it's hard to rally around a filter. How about football? No chance. The coach recently resigned, the athletic director is leaving and the team's best hope is that next fall it won't have to practice on an unsodded parking lot.

For a while this year, basketball is a failure, also. Before the season, the small band of genuine enthusiasts had been hopeful. There was Dave Newmark, more than a millimeter bigger than king-size at 7' $\frac{1}{4}$ ", who had played well as a sophomore and then stayed out a year because of illness. There was Roger Walaszek, who led in scoring and made All-Ivy

last season. And there were two sophomores, Heyward Dotson and Jim McMillian, who were supposed to make the sweetest music at the Heights since Rodgers and Hart, two Columbia alumni.

Sure enough, the Lions buttered their first four opponents. McMillian scored 39 points against NYU and got a congratulatory note from the guys on the seventh floor at John Jay Hall. BLUE POWER AND ROAR LIONS, ROAR buttons began to appear on campus. Then Columbia traveled to Cornell, Georgetown and Fordham and lost three in a row.

From that low point, the Lions went into the Garden's Christmas tournament and did a complete turnaround. They beat flavored West Virginia, and Louisville and St. John's, both nationally ranked, to take the title, and McMillian won the MVP award. During the course of the week, Columbia alumni everywhere became basketball fans, not to mention the students, one of whom came back a week early from Christmas vacation in Florida to see the final game. That might not be unusual behavior at Ohio State, but it is nearly unthinkable on the Heights. The Garden was full of Old Pale Blues and when deicers on the aerial at Columbia's FM station, WKCR, failed to work during the Louisville game, alumni demanded and got a taped replay before the final game.

The Lions have followed up the festival heroics with convincing victories over a good Yale team (Newmark scored 40 points), Brown and Colgate, and they have done it with one of the strongest defenses in the East and a patient, intelligent offense that somehow manages to get McMillian free right under the basket time and again (not that he needs to be that close to score). What happened to change things between the third loss and the start of the festival?

For one thing, Coach Jack Rohan persuaded his men to play a deliberate style, which suits their talents. For another, according to Heyward Dotson, there was an "arming out; we leveled with each other." Apparently, the Lions did a little roaring among themselves.

Where they usually do their roaring is not Madison Square Garden but 69 blocks north in a dismal little building called University Hall Gymnasium, put up in 1896 as a temporary structure. Today it would be barely fitting for a church-basement league. Only 1,756

spectators can squeeze in, and their view of the court depends on where they sit in relation to 10 fat pillars. When it is 70° outdoors, it is 90° in Coach Rohan's office, which is above the gym and across the running track.

There is some hope for a more cheerful, if not much bigger, field house. Columbia has a long lease on two acres in Morningside Park, which is a sort of buffer zone between the campus and the slums of West Harlem, and plans to build a \$9.5 million gymnasium that will include a 4,400-seat basketball arena. An exercise room, swimming pool, basketball court and locker room would be for neighborhood kids, since the school would be using public land, but some politicians and local militants want much more. H. Rap Brown told a rally last month that if the gym is built, Negroes should "blow it up" or "burn it down" or "take it over."

Anyway, it was in the old dump that Newmark scored his 40 against Yale and the Lions stomped Brown and Colgate. Newmark and McMillian, both Brooklyn boys, have generally been the heroes, but the team would be considerably less successful without Dotson, a 6' 4" guard from Staten Island who played center in high school. His quickness helps him play excellent defense (he did a superb job on Louisville's Bunch Beard), and he has a good chance to break the Columbia record for assists. Although Dotson lived on Staten Island, he attended an advanced-curriculum high school in Manhattan—getting up every morning at 6, taking a bus to the ferry, riding the ferry to Manhattan, taking another bus to school in time for his first class and not getting home again until 8:30 p.m.

Virtually every member of this talented team is as motivated as Dotson. They seem to be more interested in where to go to graduate school than in which pro team will draft them. Typical are Senior Guard Bill Ames, who will do graduate work in international affairs at Columbia or Stanford, and Ken Brown, who is going to medical school. Newmark rates with the others intellectually, but he has a sort of hang-loose, take-your-sweet-time manner that makes him stand out, apart from his height and his cowboy sideburns. He was going to be a lawyer, a reasonable ambition for a boy from Brighton Beach,

but he worked as an understudy in a Broadway show and for a Columbia alumnus at ABC-TV sports during his year away, and it now looks as if the legal profession has lost him to more glamorous pursuits. Wherever he ends up, he'll still be loose. "Gee, you must be a basketball player," said an awestruck uniformed policeman recently.

"And you must be a cop," said Dave.

Rohan, a Columbia man himself, finds it a pleasure to work with such players, but it does have its unusual aspects. The other day he spent all afternoon writing recommendations to go along with Bill Ames' graduate-school applications, which is at least a switch from the more normal coaching duty of keeping players from flunking out. And he does his job with a combination of gentility and wit. About his rambunctious 14-month-old son, Chris, he says, "The scouting report on him is that he goes both ways—often."

Recently a student entered his office and announced he would like to come out for basketball. It was the middle of the season, and the young man's sole explanation was, "I did play high school ball." Jack did not embarrass the boy but told him he could come out next year, "I didn't want to hurt his feelings," he said. "I'll let him come out, cut him after a while, and he can tell his friends that I'm an idiot."

Rohan does mighty well in the pure coaching department, too. While his Lions were beating Colgate last Saturday night 94-68 and McMillian was scoring 30, the determined defense and slick-passing offense he teaches (glimpsed around a pillar) was marvelously entertaining.

Between the Strickman filter and the basketball team, it has been one of the most exciting school years for Columbia men since all-girl Barnard College moved across the street in 1897 (Barnard is legally separate but uses Columbia's switchboard, steam heat and supply of eligible males). The university actually owns the property on which Rockefeller Center stands and, after beating CCNY, NYU and St. John's, Lion partisans feel the rest of the city is theirs, too. One little boy, the son of an alumnus, left the Garden the night of the festival finale, looked up at the Manhattan skyline and said, "Gee, this is a big town to own, huh, Dad?" **END**

JOHNNY BAGS A WINNER'S POTT

At the Crosby pro-am Arnie was overweight, Jack couldn't sink his putts and Dino was engulfed, but for Johnny Pott—who won his first tournament since 1963—it looked like the start of a beautiful year **by ALFRED WRIGHT**

There comes a time for any home-loving tournament pro when he must decide whether it is worth the loneliness and heartache to travel around the country month after month in pursuit of big money—or whether he would rather remain at home with the family and be content with a more modest income. Johnny Pott, who is 32 and who last year earned \$42,000, began 1968 with this in mind. He had spent 11 years on the tour, yet he had won only four tournaments at that time and none since 1963. Thus he was determined either to win handsomely this year or to toss it in and return to Mississippi, his wife Maryrose and his two children. Last Sunday at the Bing Crosby pro-am at Pebble Beach it became fairly certain that Maryrose Pott will have to get along by herself for a while. By sinking a 25-foot chip shot for a birdie on the first hole of sudden death, Johnny Pott beat Billy Casper and Bruce Devlin in a three-way playoff to win \$16,000 and start the year in a style to which he has not been accustomed.

During the Crosby, Pott shared a room with Jack Burke Jr., an old friend who makes only sporadic tournament appearances at the major events. They talked golf both on the course and off, since for the first three days they happened to be playing in the same foursome. "We just talked about things like positioning correctly and getting the club back at the start of the swing," Pott explained.

Johnny's golf responded to the treatment. He opened with a 70 at Cypress Point that was a model of consistency and followed that with a 71 at the difficult Spyglass Hill to take the tournament lead. A 71 at Pebble Beach kept

him in front, but in the final round—which everyone played at Pebble Beach—a rash of three-putt greens and a bad bounce seemed to have finished him. As late as the 16th tee Pott was two strokes behind Casper and Devlin, but birdies at 16 and 17 brought him even, setting the scene for his dramatic victory.

As the name pros arrived for the start of the tournament, it was apparent that the Crosby, which has gone through more than its share of changes in the 31 years since its modest beginning, was in danger of becoming known as the War-line Classic. For the first time in its history the Crosby opened the pros' winter tour, and a lot of the regulars looked jowly and paunchy, as if they had not yet digested their Christmas turkey. You could pay your week's expenses making book on the weight difference between Jack Nicklaus and Arnold Palmer (merely five pounds, according to the early figures—202 to 197—although Palmer claimed he was only 190). Bobby Nichols, who had been spending a week at Palm Desert getting his game in shape, ate his way out of it, ballooning to 215 pounds, 12 over last year. An ample Frank Beard, who last year won \$110,000 on the tour, shot a 94 in a practice round at Palm Springs. And so it went. By their profiles you could scarcely tell some of the young pros from their middle-aged amateur partners, just out from behind a desk.

Waistlines aside, there was almost unanimous rejoicing among the professionals over the Crosby's change from second or third on the tour to No. 1. Because it is played over three different courses, often in minor hurricanes, the PGA declared the tournament "unoffi-

cial" several years ago, meaning that the money, while still green, and the scores no longer count in the year's statistical accounting. This, combined with the tournament's new lead-off position, means that the players can show up plump and short-winded from their winter indiscretions and tune up their games without fretting over the effect on the record book. "It's like spring training in baseball," observed Jack Tuthill, the PGA tournament director. "We never had anything like it before. Now, if we could just work the Hope [the other unofficial tournament on the early schedule] in right after the Crosby, everybody would be ready to go when the regular events begin."

Palmer, who started the 1968 season with a shaky 76 over the Pebble Beach course, was among the first to praise the new arrangement. Palmer scarcely touched a club during the snowy holidays in Latrobe, and a week before the Crosby he had to fly to Palm Springs to make some advertising stills for his apparel line. He squeezed in nine holes of practice each of the first two days on the desert, but his concentration was spotty, since he had to change ensembles on practically every hole. On Sunday he did manage 27 serious holes, and he played tune-up rounds at each of the three Crosby courses.

Such limited practice is not enough, and Palmer's score on the first nine holes at Pebble Beach on Thursday reflected it. Using one of the new aluminum-shafted "jumbo" drivers out of his factory, a weapon that looks as if it were about as easy to swing as Babe Ruth's 34-ounce bat, Palmer was pushing his drives out to the right. The one he *continued*

Johnny Pott had only four victories in 11 years on the tour, but his play in the Crosby made him look like a man who is likely to win a lot more



hit at the 6th hole shot out over the ocean and may still be going. Minutes before that he had taken a double-bogey 5 at the 5th hole by sending his tee shot into a bunker and three-putting. After his wild drive across the Pacific at the 6th, he finally salvaged a bogey, then followed with a three-putt bogey at the 7th. At the 9th, where he bunkered his approach shot, he three-putted for another double bogey to finish with a five-over-par 41 going out. It took birdies on the two closing holes to cut his score down to 76.

"I was fresh out of the box and really wasn't ready to go," Palmer explained later. "At the start of the season you get a little careless, and you're not thinking right. It takes a little while to get confidence in what you are going to do and get your momentum going. There's no question that it's a great improvement to have the first tournament unofficial. It gives you a chance to work your game into shape."

Nicklaus, whose opening 71 at Cypress Point was a considerable improvement on Palmer's start, nonetheless had much the same problems as Arnold. Since his winter home is on the Lost Tree golf course north of Palm Beach, Nicklaus interrupted his fishing to work in a bit more golf than he usually plays during the holidays, but he felt anything but tournament-ready as he reached the Crosby. After the 71 he went out to the practice tee at Pebble Beach and worked some two hours until it was too dark for the caddy to shag balls. The next evening, after an uneasy 75 at Spyglass Hill, including four bogeys in a row on the first nine, Jack again practiced until dark.

In subtler ways than just its position on the schedule, the Crosby was showing other signs of change—and age. Time was when a large percentage of the amateurs, who now number 168, were recognizable names and faces from show biz and sport. Naturally, the Hollywood contingent changes with the years as people like Richard Arlen, Dennis O'Keefe and Randolph Scott fade into the background, and the new darlings of the ratings turn out to be Dean Martin, Pat Boone and Andy Williams. One exception that.

To oldtimers, though, there is something melancholy in the growing absenteeism of the great athletes. Missing this year were Don Drysdale, Dick

Groat, Tommy Harmon and Duffy Daugherty, while the gradual attrition has knocked out others through the years like Bob Lemon and Vern Stephens. The roster still contains Sandy Koufax, Alvin Dark, Ernie Nevers and John Brodie among others and an occasional newcomer like this year's Rick Barry, but, for the most part, these types are being replaced by businessmen, the powerhouses from the countinghouses. As the pro golfers make more and more money, their new friends tend to be brokers and oilmen, and they are beginning to ask Bing to invite them to his tournament. Bobby Nichols, Don January, Don Massengale and Dow Finsterwald, to name a few, all had business friends as partners last week. So it is not unusual to see clubs from Darien and New Canaan, Conn. represented. Not that they don't belong. It is just not as thrilling to see a bespectacled executive walking up the 18th fairway at Pebble Beach as it is a 20-game winner or an All-Pro halfback.

The galleries, however, show no signs of revolting as the Crosby attendance builds and builds, year after year, until it is now the equal of anything in golf. Roughly speaking, this year the crowds divided into two groups—those who came to see the golf and those who came to see Dean Martin. Playing in partnership with Don Cherry, the PGA's only legitimate full-time crooner, and paired with the partnership of Tommy Bolt and Phil Harris, Martin attracted a stampede of worshippers.

"At the 15th," Cherry groaned after his round at Cypress Point, "I thought Dean was going to throw himself in the ocean just to get away. It was the wildest gallery I ever saw." Hearing about the mob, Crosby himself assigned some protection to the group, but it would have taken a platoon of the Coldstream Guards to keep it entirely subdued.

The major conversation piece of the Crosby is rapidly shifting from the weather, which was near perfect for all four days, to Spyglass Hill, the new Robert Trent Jones course that last year became the third of the Crosby's three courses, replacing the Monterey Peninsula Country Club. Spyglass is lovely to look at, with several spectacular seaside holes at the start and the rest winding through the glorious pine forests of Del Monte. It has some spectacular artificial ponds that reflect the towering

trees and the blue sky. As a place to play tournament golf, however, it is not good, nor will it be until the heavily undulating greens acquire an adequate carpet of grass.

Last year, when Spyglass was brand new, the criticism seemed premature, inasmuch as the course had had no chance to develop. After playing a practice round there, Claude Harmon, the former Masters champion, immediately withdrew from the tournament with the booming declaration, "I wouldn't play that course again if they gave me \$5,000 in small unmarked bills."

This year Spyglass had undergone a few of the more obvious alterations required, but the comments were hardly less caustic. On the first day of the tournament Billy Casper's one-over-par 73 was the low score at Spyglass as a third of the field played over it and no one else broke 75. It was at Spyglass on the second day that Nicklaus had his 75. Jack, whose putting was rusty throughout the week and fatal on Sunday, missed two puts of 18 inches, one of two feet, two of three feet and perhaps a dozen of anywhere from six to 12 feet. "We play a lot of bad courses during the year," Nicklaus said later, "but at least they give you some kind of a chance on the greens. On six or seven of the greens at Spyglass there are just no level places for good pin positions. If your putt misses the hole, you don't know when it will stop."

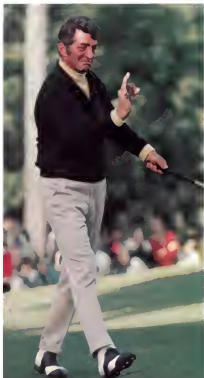
On Saturday it was Palmer's turn. At the start of the round he was only five strokes behind Pott, thanks to a very comfortable 70 at Cypress Point the previous day when he discarded his monster driver. Playing Spyglass, Palmer three-putted six of the greens, missed several verifiable tap-ins, and at the 8th hole putted the ball completely off the green. "On two holes," he lamented, "my putts hit the cup twice—going each way." The result of this putting debacle was a horrendous 77 that left him 11 shots off the lead and dead in the Crosby. Late in the round Palmer looked at the gallery and said, "Where do you go to surrender?" As Mark McCormack, Palmer's business manager, biographer and Crosby partner, put it, "Arnold attacked Spyglass. He lost."

It wasn't a loss that counted, though. After all, it was spring training, unofficial and just for laughs—and the biggest laugh of all was Johnny Pott's. **END**



Celebrity Pat Dooley is at his apple-cheeked best while asking a putt.

Dean Martin, whose galleries rivaled Palmer's, approves his own act.



Now trying a different ball game, Sandy Kousser has a loser's look.

Posed like the Scarecrow, Ray Bolger tries for a little wizardry.





THE STRANGE CASE OF THE BALLS THAT GO POOF!

One of the country's largest manufacturers of squash balls thought he had finally developed a utopian product. Then his world—and the world of squash—began coming to pieces **by GEORGE PLIMPTON**

In these troubled times there's something one can be sure of, it is that the artifacts of our various sports (pigskins, horseshoes, golf balls and so forth) go along pretty much the same day in and day out without letting us down. It is unlikely that a hockey puck, say, will develop large blisters during the course of play and explode like a dropped light bulb; or that basketballs suddenly, let's say next Friday, at every bounce, rather than the crisp *rank-rank-rank* sound of ball against court, will give off a plaintive *ma-mo-ma*, like a squeezed doll; or that in football's Pro Bowl Game the center, just before the snap of the "Duke" official ball, will say "pshaw" and stand up and look back over his shoulder at the backfield judge: "Sir, the Duke's gone; damn thing just flattened out under my fingers," holding up the football, the air still sighing out of it, which the official will look at wanly and toss out for another.

And yet one popular sport—squash—has been plagued by a situation very nearly as traumatic as any of the above. Last year's crop of Cragin-Simplex squash balls (which is more than half the market, the Seamless Rubber Company providing the rest) turned out to consist of balls as fragile as Christmas tree ornaments. In courts across the country the balls have come off the front wall after a few moments of play with an odd plopping sound and have divided in half to roll at the players' feet like walnut husks. Breakage of squash balls during play is not uncommon, but there has been an epidemic. Players find

that after a moment they must duck through the little entrance door of the court and shout for the club pro.

"Charlie, toss us down another ball. Just broke this one."

"Sorry, sir, we haven't any left."

"You can't be serious."

"None left at all. They've all broken."

"They've all broken?"

"The club's fresh out of them."

"The club's out?"—this last incredulously, and the player ducks back into the court to tell his playing partner the odd news.

"Jack . . . er . . . ah."

If there is a sight of shaken humanity it is two stockbrokers standing in a court in their sweat clothes without a squash ball to hit.

This gentle horror story began early last year when Walter Montenegro, the president of the Cragin-Simplex Corporation, which is in the sports-equipment line, decided not only to replace his squash-ball-making equipment in his factory in Van Buren, Me. (the machines are essentially large molds like waffle irons) but also to refine his 1966 ball to remove the agent that leaves a scuff mark on a squash-court wall. Both clubs and players approved this latter step. After a few years of play a squash court takes on the Stygian gloom of the anteroom of a Polynesian restaurant. It is expensive to clean off the black smudge marks—a four-day job, Montenegro estimates, for a crew of 10.

The element in the squash ball that leaves a mark is carbon, and it was by

fiddling with the carbon content in his secret formula that Montenegro last summer hoped to produce a ball a step or so closer to ultimate perfection, one which, with a hopeful glint in his eye, he refers to as his "utopian" ball.

Montenegro got into the squash-ball field in 1961. He was persuaded to do so because the standard ball then, made by the Seamless Rubber Company, while adequate enough, tended to heat up during play and take on "rabbit" characteristics. It would bounce so eagerly around the confines of the court that it became very difficult even for top players, particularly against quick retrievers, to put the ball away. Good players were anxious for a change. Mediocre squash players, notably the portly, stood for the Seamless ball, which they liked because it flew around the court long enough for them to get to it. The issue, which is still argued today, of what sort of ball should dominate squash has had its fine moments of drama. Many New York squash players remember Arthur Barker, the onetime head of the Metropolitan Squash Racquets Association, proclaiming solemnly at an official dinner, fighting for control as he gripped the lectern, "I do not intend as president of this association to preside over the death of the Seamless ball!"

Montenegro's answer to the Seamless ball was one he titled the "green diamond." It evolved through 133 different experimental stages into a ball that went into general use after two or three years, a ball frequently referred to in squash circles as the "rock." In 1963

continued

Montenegro embarked on another major development—a ball he would subsequently call the “yellow diamond” which could be used during the summer and in warm courts, conditions that enhance the action of the normal ball.

“I got going on the yellow diamond,” Montenegro recalls, “after the national pro tournament that winter in Cleveland when it was so unseasonably warm that the rallies went on forever. The ball was buzzing around the court like a housefly, and it got monotonous. I mean, the people sitting in the gallery began nodding because it was a question of which players’ feet were going to give out first. That’s not squash.”

Squash players were by and large pleased with Montenegro’s products—both the green and yellow diamonds—though the changes in the balls from year to year as Montenegro’s refinements continued led them to speak of Cragin-Simplex balls as one might speak of vintage wines. “Walter makes the best squash balls,” Ralph Howe, the open champion, said recently. “And the worst. His great year was 1966, like a 1927 Chateau Margaux, but boy 1967: something *really* went wrong in the vineyards.”

Montenegro’s headquarters is in a building on downtown New York’s Varick Street. He works out of a tiny, cluttered office with one wall scuffed with squash-ball marks where he has been doing his own testing. A small, mild man, he wears a Masonic ring and invariably sports a necktie festooned with crossed squash racquets. He says squash, which he does not play, is a game that absorbs him 24 hours a day (“My subconscious works on it when I’m asleep”), and he speaks of his difficulties with his new mark-free ball as being a “monumental nightmare. I’ve seen people collapse under a lot less.”

His project seemed to go badly from the beginning. He remembers bringing some early samples to New York’s Racquet and Tennis Club for preliminary testing. The first batch did not break but, on the other hand, the balls did not bounce either. To correct that fundamental problem Montenegro worked through dozens of experiments, relying for testing mostly on a machine he calls the “torture chamber,” which is a hydraulic press that punches a ball violently and consistently enough to get it so hot that it can’t be handled without a short yell.

Finally, in August, Montenegro began using his new molds to manufacture squash balls for distribution, convinced that he had taken a firm step toward his utopian ball. But the workings of his torture chamber did not emulate, apparently, the stresses that a ball in play goes through as it comes off a racquet or careers around the front-wall corners. Almost immediately Montenegro began to get sinister reports about his no-mark ball:

- A New York club pro: “It’s quite true; the Cragin-Simplex doesn’t mark the wall; it breaks before it gets there—best no-mark ball they could have come up with. Absolutely tops in the field.”

- In New York’s Racquet and Tennis Club, Joseph Fox, Truman Capote’s editor at Random House, broke six balls while warming up and threw the 12 halves at the assistant pro.

- Joe Barnett, professional at Chicago’s University Club: “We’re trying to make a pool of the good balls we have. But the members tend to steal them and commute with them on the Chicago and North Western back and forth to their homes. You can see the bulge of them in their coat pockets as they stand around the club car.”

- In some New York clubs doubles balls, which are much faster than those used for singles, were pressed into use.

- A stockbroker playing in the Harvard Club of New York threatened to give up because the breaking squash balls reminded him of the risks of the market.

- A note from Darwin Kingsley, the U.S. Squash Racquets secretary, to Norman Bramall, pro at Philadelphia’s Cynwyd Club: “You sold me rocks. . . .”

The only comfort Montenegro could possibly gain from the bad news flowing into his office was the report from some of the club professionals, all of whom are his friends and who wish him well in his search for the utopian ball, that the older members, those up in their 60s, were getting a great kick out of breaking squash balls. It suggested that power and devastation were still a part of their game, and they would come back to the pro shop after a match, just sitting in easy, and after a while hold out the two halves of a smitten ball and say, “We really went at it today.”

As soon as the reports began coming in, Montenegro set out to find what had gone wrong. “First I thought it was the

binding agent that grips the two halves of the ball together,” he says. “Apparently not. We thought cutting the carbon content to get our nonmarking ball might be the trouble, since carbon provides a ball’s strength. Wasn’t that. We worked over the formula. And the calls kept coming in. Nightmare. We kept sending out new batches to the clubs. They’d tell us, ‘Walter, the balls are still breaking, but they’re breaking differently—not at the seam but in the rubber itself, maybe you’re on to something.’”

“Well, just a little while ago, and by the most fortunate chance, we discovered that the problem almost surely lay in the new machinery we’d installed. The mushrooms of the molds weren’t quite the right size, so that the thickness of the balls’ skin was affected just enough to cause a flaw. We’re pretty sure, with some more tinkering with the formula, that we’ve got the problem licked.”



New batches have gone out from Montenegro's office, but skepticism keeps on in squash circles. The breakages have been less, but they continue, and the criticism is sharp. Tommy Byrne, the pro at the New York Athletic Club, has an almost apocalyptic observation: "It hasn't been only the Cragin ball, but the lot of them that have been busting—the Seamless, the doubles ball, every one, popping up in smoke. . . ."

One of the most despairing of critics from the squash world has been Jack Barnaby, the Harvard coach who developed such great squash stars as Ben Heckscher and Victor Niederhoffer, both national champions. "It's an awful mess. The new Cragin ball doesn't bounce. You might as well pick a crushed stone off a highway project and play with that. If you pound a little life into it, the ball leaps around as if it were shaped like a trapezoid, and then quite

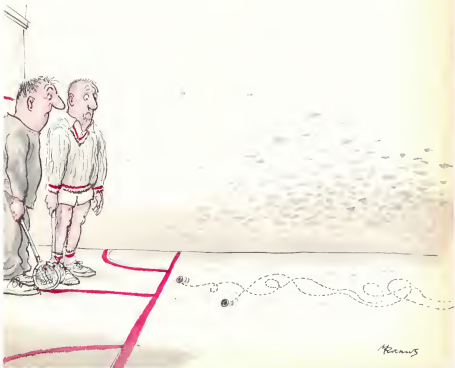
soon, mercifully, it breaks. In 1966 Cragin had a fine ball. It bounced, which is a good start, and it wouldn't get heated up. It reminded me of the Hewitt ball we played with back in the '20s and '30s, which lay low even if you pounded it. The older players complained and got the association to speed up the ball. That is when the Seamless people came in and did what was asked of them with their lively and rabby ball. But the 1966 Cragin ball—well, a slugger could play his game with it, laying the ball dead, and so could the touch artist, with his tweak and drop shots. So it was possible to match two vastly different games in the same court—the bludgeon and the rapier—with neither handicapped by the ball's qualities. That is squash at its best and most interesting. Nowadays one of the main despairs we coaches have is that the official balls—Cragin and Seamless—are so different, rocks

and rabbits. If our team is playing away from home we have to find out well in advance what ball will be used in the match so that we can train with it for as long as possible."

As for squash officialdom, its representatives hold to a standpat attitude, hoping for the best. They prefer not to play favorites between Cragin and Seamless, though they hope Montenegro, because they find his perseverance touching and irresistible, can finally develop his utopian ball.

"I mean, he's sticking to it," one official says in awe. "A guy who has trouble like Walter's might chuck the whole mess and go into dry cleaning." Montenegro must have greeted the old year's last stroke of midnight with a groan of relief—looking forward to 1968, perhaps, as the year of the utopian ball. As for 1967. . . . Well, hardly a vintage year.

END



by **RON DELANY**

There was no celebration after my first victory indoors in the Knights of Columbus Games in Boston. We had to catch the midnight train back to Philadelphia. I would have enjoyed going out on the town now that the tension associated with the race was gone. Instead I found myself stretched out in a Pullman sleeper, alone with my thoughts. After a hard race I could never go to sleep—my body tingled in every muscle from the exertion undergone. So I spent the night awake listening to the clackety-clack of the wheels and the jangling of milk churns being loaded on and off

HOW I BECAME A MILER: THE APPRENTICESHIP

Ireland's Olympic champion-to-be was advised by his shrewd coach, Jumbo Elliott, 'Hold your elbows high and ready.' Victory came easily on crowded indoor tracks, but when the campaign went outdoors Delany had to learn harsh lessons about pace and technique



the train at almost every station stop.

On Monday, back at Villanova, I reported as usual for training. Coach Jumbo Elliott took me aside and spent the afternoon schooling me on how to protect myself in my future races on the boards. My eyes were opened! I discovered if you must push an opponent there was no better place than at hip level where you could most readily upset his equilibrium. "Hold your elbows high and ready when you are being crowded" was another trick of the trade. It was a revelation to me, for I did not realize there was an art to self-defense

and the administration of punishment when provoked on the track. Knowledge such as this was to help me through the preliminary heats of Olympic Games, European championships and other title races over the next few years. I was learning my trade well.

I raced again the following Friday night in the Berican 1,000 yards at the Philadelphia Inquirer meet and won in a pedestrian 2:15.5, with Tom Courtney and Harry Bright among my victims. Courtney was to win the Melbourne Olympic 800 meters in 1956 and we were to engage in an almost vicious rivalry

over the next few years. Tom hated to be beaten, and much to his disgust I did just that to him almost every time we raced. A year or so after we both retired from active competition I met Tom at a B'nai B'rith dinner in New York. He spent the night moaning that I had beaten him on the last occasion we had raced, in Houston, Texas, and that he had never had an opportunity for revenge. I believe if we could have borrowed running vests and shorts on that same evening Tom would have challenged me to come outside and race along a few blocks of New York City to prove

continued



to himself that he was the better man.

Following the Inquirer meet I had my first dispute with Coach Elliott. I discovered that he had put me down to run again in the Millrose Games half mile a week or so later. It appeared I was going to have to race every week-end throughout the winter. Frankly, I felt I was being rushed and brought on too fast. I felt then that American system of race, race, race would burn me out. I wanted to run my best races for Ireland in her green international singlet and not to leave my talent and strength in the smoke-filled indoor arenas of America. I expressed such sentiments to Jumbo. He nearly blew his top. Somewhere between his threats and shouts I gathered I would run where and when I was told, or else. The "else" meant, I supposed, losing my scholarship. I lost this first argument with Jumbo, setting the pattern for the next five years, and ran in the Millrose Games. But I have no regrets. Racing every week-end did me no harm but made me strong. Even today I am grateful to Jumbo for what at the time seemed like coercing me into running. I discovered, too, that the life of an athletic scholarship student was not going to be a bed of roses—the college demanded and got its pound of flesh.

In the Millrose Games half mile in Madison Square Garden I suffered my first defeat in America, at the hands—or should I say feet—of Audan Boyen of Norway. The Madison Square Garden atmosphere was different from either Boston or Philadelphia—more exciting altogether. The crowd of 15,000 was discerning and far more vociferous. As I warmed up in the passages circling the arena I sensed the electric tension of the place and felt like a lion awaiting his entrance into the ancient circuses of Rome. Later I was to discover that this crowd of New York track nuts almost needed blood to be satiated. And later still, when I began to run and win miles week after week, in far from world-shattering times, I believe these same fans would have strangled me on occasions if they had got half a chance. My relationship with the New York buffs was to be a turbulent affair with very little love on either side.

The race itself was a scorcher. Boyen ran a meet record of 1:51 flat and I struggled home in second place 15 yards down. Courtney, Gene Maynard, Harry

Bright and company brought up the rear. Disappointed though I was, I had to laugh afterward. In my innocence, while in the dressing room with Boyen prior to the race, I had asked him if he were fit. Answering me in his best broken English, Boyen explained that he had no opportunity to train in snow-covered Norway, that he had a sore leg, etc., etc. And then look at what he did to me. I was discovering that to be a great runner you also had to be a pathological liar, at least when your opponents asked silly questions.

On Feb. 19, 1955 I traveled again to New York to compete in the AAU Championships. I suffered another reverse, finishing fourth in the 1,000 yards to Arnold Sowell of Pittsburgh. Yet I had the honor of competing in a world record race, for Sowell beat Boyen and ran 2:08.2 to equal the existing world best. Unfortunately though, Tom Courtney, who was third, finished ahead of me for the first time, rubbing salt into my wounds.

With all this racing, and with mid-term exams coming up, there was no time to even consider pursuing the social round. My many dollar-earning enterprises were also affected and I was reduced to baby-sitting as a sole source of income. But the indoor season was almost over. A week later I anchored the Villanova Frosh to win the IC4A distance medley in New York, running a mile for the first time in my life. I have forgotten what time I ran and my only recollection of the race is how strange I felt running the longer distance. I didn't particularly enjoy my first mile outing.

On March 5, the day before my 20th birthday, I celebrated with a victory in the Cardinal McIntyre 1,000-yard run, again in Madison Square Garden. This race was the finale of my first indoor season. I bobbed and turkey-trotted, as the scribes would say, to victory in a new meet mark of 2:10.1, with Tom Courtney breathing down my neck to the wire. I had my first date after the meet, doubling with Alex Breckenridge of Scotland and two girls from Rosemont College near Villanova. When a Scot and an Irishman go out on the town they really do things big. We dined the girls at Horn & Hardart's—the Automat—and spent the rest of the week running our spendthriftiness. Still, we had fun and, more important, I had broken

the ice and had taken out an American girl.

I was generally relieved that the indoor season was over and spring was on the way. Racing every weekend, combined with the traveling involved, had proved grueling. Training on the Villanova board track out of doors in the freezing cold was not the most pleasant way to pass one's leisure hours. Some days we had to grease our faces and ears with Vaseline to protect them from the cold. We must have looked quite a sight wearing long Johns and hooded anoraks, our faces covered with grease and sweat, charging around the track.

The freshman squad ran in very few meets during the outdoor season. Coach Elliott did not require us to train hard or on a regular basis, so I had a chance to get in some extra study. I had the opportunity also to observe American youth enjoying its own particular version of the riot of spring. I was amazed. With the coming of the first warm days the boys on campus went wild and headed straight for the nearest girls' school. There appeared to be one mad round of picnics and beer-drinking parties. It was as if they had been caged all winter and suddenly let loose on the world or, should I say, the girls. It was very hard to keep one's mind on running with all the courting going on. But gradually things simmered down and my roommate and the rest returned to normal. I assume from sheer exhaustion.

I had one important race outdoors, an invitation half mile in the Coliseum Relays in Los Angeles. A star-studded field was mustered including Mal Whitfield, the reigning and twice Olympic champion; Lon Spurrier, world record holder at the distance; Arnie Sowell; Lang Stanley and my old foe by now, Tom Courtney. It was to be the toughest race of my life so far. I felt I was only a boy. I had read about the legendary Whitfield in the '48 and '52 Olympics and here I was in a race competing against him. But reputations count for naught, as I was soon to discover. The race itself was a real dogfight from the gun with elbows and fists flying as fast as our feet. In the final lap Sowell was knocked clean off the track. Courtney finished first and I was second, with Spurrier, Stankey and Whitfield running up in that order. But Tom was disqualified for cutting in on Sowell on the final bend and I was declared the winner.

Tom shrieked "highway robbery" and in my opinion rightly so. He should never have been disqualified, for he did no more wrong than anyone else. We should all have been disqualified for one of the dirtiest races of all time.

A few days after this race a letter came from Billy Morton, the athletics impresario of Ireland, endorsing tickets for me to travel home to compete in some races for him during the summer. I was overjoyed. It was not that I was unhappy in America. I had made many friends and I was well settled in at Villanova. But I was thrilled at the prospect of getting home again so soon. I was flattered, too, to think that an athletic promoter felt it worth his while to incur the expense of bringing me home to race before the Irish crowds. Before I knew it, end-of-term exams were completed, successfully I hoped, and I was on my way home to Ireland. A lot had happened to me since the 24th of September, the day I arrived in America. For one thing my long hair was shorn and I now sported an American crew cut. I had developed as an athlete and had beaten some of the finest runners in the world. As a person I was more confident and showed the signs of my American education. On arrival home I was to discover, too, that I had developed an American accent. This was not appreciated by the locals, who looked on me as a sort of returned Yank. My mother nearly threw me out of the house when she saw the crew cut. "My God, what have you done to your head?" she said, and after closer inspection, "What'll the neighbors think?"

After a few weeks home in Dublin my hair grew and I lost my American accent and gradually I was reinstated with family and friends. I ran a few races, too, and had some epic struggles with an old opponent, Derek Johnson, England's silver-medalist-to-be in the Melbourne Olympics. In the process I lowered the Irish half-mile record to 1:50 on grass, a personal best. But, most significantly, I started on the road to a Melbourne crown when I ran my first competitive mile in Dublin in early August. Jumbo Elliott had always insisted I would be a miler but until then no one had prevailed upon me to compete in the longer distance. Basically I was lazy, I suppose, and did not relish the prospect of running four laps instead of two. It took the combined guile and

persuasion of Billy Morton and my father to convince me to have a go. Happily for me and my future in athletics, the experiment was a success. I ran and won in a new Irish record of 4:05.8, a respectable time in those days.

After a wonderful busman's holiday, I returned once more in September to Villanova's campus to continue with my studies and my track career. Coach Elliott welcomed me back and immediately enthused over my mile performance in Dublin. From now on, he informed me, I was to cut, drink and sleep the mile, with the Melbourne Olympic 1,500-meter title as our objective. In retrospect, I can admire his foresight, judgment, faith and confidence in me, although at the time I was not so sure

fell victim to their many charms. I discovered, too, that the American coaches were not averse to bringing you home to meet Mum and Dad and all the family. Usually Mum took one look at my giant six-foot frame, all 146 pounds of me, and decided I needed some fattening up, else I would fade off the earth entirely. I would have made a good advertisement for a CARE package and the American mother out of the kindness of her heart fed me to the gills. Thanks be to God, too, for at this stage I was beginning to grumble like the rest in Villanova at the institutional cooking served up in the cafeteria. I must admit, though, that my grumbling was more part of an act to be one of the boys rather than honest complaint.



TUMULTUOUS race in Los Angeles, roughest in Delany's memory, had star-packed field that included (from right) Arnold Sowell, Mal Whitfield, Tom Courtney, Lon Spurrier and Delany

I was going to enjoy this new and more exhausting distance. For anyone with an abundance of stamina and adequate speed the half mile is a snap. Not so the mile. Those extra two laps have the facility to sap every last ounce of energy out of a tired body, as I was soon to find out. Somehow the image of the mile has fired the imagination of the sporting public over the years. Equally so, the mile has succeeded better than any other race in separating the men from the boys in track and field.

But lighter moments were ahead in that fall of '55. I began to go out with some of the local colleens and naturally

As a sophomore I was eligible to run on the varsity cross-country team. This was fun, for there was real team spirit among the harrers. Such squad runners as John Kopf, George Browne and Bill Rock who never quite made the big time in individual races were the backbone of the cross-country team. Alex Breckenridge and I ran one-two throughout the season and led Villanova to an unbeaten record for the first time in 25 years. Then, in early December, the board track was laid down out of doors. It was a rickety old contraption at the best of times, with the added disadvantage of 12 laps to the mile instead of

continued

the usual 11. But Jumbo rightly claimed that after you learned to master the Villanova boards it was like running out of doors when you hit the larger 11-lap tracks of the Boston and New York Gardens and elsewhere.

Our first meet was scheduled for mid-January in the K of C Games in Boston. Jumbo's plan was to run me in a few 1,000-yard cup races early in the season, moving me up to the mile later on. But this was to be changed. A series of events were to culminate in my running the mile, and only the mile, all season. Throughout December I trained exclusively with the 1,000-yard race in view. Our preparation was so intensive that I was unable to take a holiday job over Christmas. Kay Elliott, Jumbo's charming wife, entertained Breckenridge and me during the holiday period in her home. We enjoyed a real American family Christmas, participating in the trimming of the tree, exchanging gifts and all. Immediately after Christmas I damaged all my toes by wearing too tight a pair of shoes on a road run. The toes became septic and I was rushed down to the clinic of Dr. John Healey, a good Irishman, for examination. This very beautiful nurse stuck all sorts of needles in me in her quest to ascertain how badly infected my toes were. Despite her beauty there was something callous about the way she prodded me, prompting me to inform her that she was the most bloodthirsty creature I had ever set eyes upon. She obviously enjoyed her work. The outcome of all the tests was that I had to undergo minor surgery on two toes and terminate training for at least two weeks. This was a tremendous disappointment to me and I felt, at the time, that it had put an end to my hopes for a successful indoor campaign.

Fortunately I healed up faster than anticipated and one week prior to the Boston games I recommenced training. My layoff had no ill effects and Coach Elliott decided to enter me in the 1,000 yards as planned. Wes Santee, the greatest mile attraction in America at that time, was down to run in the mile at the same meet. He, too, was experiencing fitness problems and at the 11th hour withdrew, leaving the featured mile event without its Hamlet. The meet promoter, Ding Dusaault, asked Jumbo to have me step into the breach. After consultation and a heavy dose of the inimitable

Elliott psychology, I was persuaded and found myself lining up at the start of the O'Reilly Mile. It was a pedestrian affair and I ran home an easy winner by five yards over Len Troes in 4:11.2. Little did I know then that this was the first in a series of 34 straight mile victories I was to enjoy on the boards over the next four years. Some of these races would be just as slow as the first one, to the disgust particularly of New York fans, and some would be won in new world-record figures. Many others would not be won so easily, a foot or inches at times spelling the difference between victory and defeat for me. And in maintaining this unbeaten streak I had to shoulder the extra burden of a tremendous psychological weight, particularly as the years and number of victories mounted up. I was to be the target for every miser around. If I had realized the mental and physical strain I was to undergo, in addition to the boos and catcalls of the New York crowd, I might have quit right there and then.

Santee continued to remain on the injured list and withdrew from the mile in the Philadelphia Inquirer Games, my next meet. This was possibly fortunate for me, for I might not have been ready to meet and defeat a fit Santee. It was a real year for cripples. Fred Dwyer, No. 2 on the American list of milers, was injured also. It looked as though I was going to have the mile all to myself throughout the indoor season. Without Santee or Dwyer in the race, I ran a winning 4:16.9 mile in the Inquirer Games. It was so slow we were nearly tripping over one another and the race only came to life in the final two laps. Then there was a mad charge for the finishing line, which was reasonably exciting for us, the competitors, but probably an utter bore to the spectators.

I was not displeased with my performance, for I always had a strict run-to-win attitude. Record chasing was not my game. My psychological makeup would not allow me to push myself against the clock. This hesitancy to run solely against time expressed itself even in my training sessions. The most dreaded words Jumbo could utter were, "Ron, I want you to do a time trial today." I hated and detested them. I needed the competitive urgency of someone breathing down my neck or running alongside or in front of me to spur me on. The idea of running against a stopwatch for

the glory of some sort of record or other did not register with me. I loved to compete man against man and may the best man win. This attitude of mine was never to please the record-crazy public. The crowd wanted me to run for records. But I could never quite figure out where it would all end if I succumbed to their urgings. The spectator doesn't use his reason. If an athlete breaks the record one weekend, they expect him to do even better on his next outing. They are never satisfied.

Wes Santee was ready to run the mile in the BAA Games in Boston, where the previous year he had set a world record of 4:03.8 for the distance. And I was ready to take him on, world record or no world record. I hadn't beaten 4:11 indoors yet in my previous two victories, but I was confident I could run much faster. Santee was America's hope then for a four-minute mile and was a flamboyant and colorful character. He was a real prima donna and played the part to perfection. Wes usually brought his own pacemaker with him wherever he raced. The BAA Games were no exception. Bill Taylor, a runner I had never heard of, a Marine buddy of Santee's, was entered for the sole purpose of ensuring a hot pace in the early stages of the competition.

It was a fantastic race. Taylor hit the front at the off with Santee on his heels. I settled in at the back of the field with Bill Tidwell for company. It was a searcher. Taylor and Santee ran 58.6 seconds for the first quarter mile, sensationally fast time in those days. Taylor continued to pile on the pressure, leading Santee through the half mile in two minutes flat before dropping out of the race. Meanwhile, about 60 yards behind the leaders, I was engaged in an elbows match with Tidwell. For some reason or other Billy began thumping me in the back. I remember swinging an arm back at Billy and then suddenly waking up and realizing I was 60 yards behind Santee with only five laps to go. Immediately I snapped into gear for the first time in the race. I began pulling back the yards on Santee. He was timed at 3:03.6 at the three-quarters but was tiring badly. There was still a gap of 30 yards between us, but I drew on my reserves of strength and with a lap to go pushed him and went on to win in 4:06.3. In the process I ran my last quarter in 57 seconds.

continued



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It was a great thrill beating the American champion. I was very flattered when after the race Wes said that he considered me a threat even to John Landy for the 1,500-meter title at Melbourne, though I suspected his judgment at the time, especially since he had run against me only on the one occasion.

I was looking forward to my mile duels with Santee for the rest of the season when the AAU stepped in and suspended him, pending an investigation that he had been paid exorbitant expenses for his previous appearances at American meets. The outcome of this investigation was to be the untimely banning of Santee for life from competing in amateur athletics. I am sure if Wes had not impaired his amateur status he would have contributed substantially to the history of the mile and would have undoubtedly been America's first four-minute miler.

With Santee out of the way I had no difficulty in running out the indoor season undefeated, eight run, eight won. I had more difficulty with the spectators than my opponents. I first got the boos in Philadelphia following my 4:16-plus effort but I did not mind, for after all Philadelphia was my "home town" by adoption. But the New York railbirds let me have it with a vengeance following my victory as the AAU mile in 4:14.5, a schoolboyish time in their estimation. I was hooted and jeered at for running so slow by some of the fattest slobbs I have ever seen. I was amused, for I could not help thinking that these same boys could hardly walk, never mind run. By the time the K of C meet came around, the last race of the season in New York, thank God, I was even being pelted with paper cups thrown from the gallery during the race. I was grateful the beer was not sold in cans. Another disgruntled fan threw a penny at me, the cheap skate. Perhaps his intention was to insult me, not hit me. Seriously, though, I did not like being booed one bit. I tried to treat it as dispassionately as possible but often felt like giving the fans the Ted Williams treatment. When questioned by the press I always maintained that the jeers did not upset me. I expounded to them on my "run to win only" philosophy. Inside I was burning mad, but what could I do? I could not take on 15,000 people all at once out in the alley. Instead I was outwardly passive and unmoved and showed

no emotion when getting the razz. Similarly, when I eventually won the respect of the New York track fans with world records, exciting doubles and down-to-wire victories, I could never warm to their applause. I could never help feeling that next week I would be getting that old familiar treatment.

I heaved a big sigh of relief when the indoor season ended. I looked forward to a few weeks' rest before heading into the outdoor season and ultimately a date in November at the Melbourne Olympics. The Games were now only eight months away and I could look back on the indoor season with satisfaction. My series of victories had helped my confidence considerably. My buildup was going as planned. But I was to suffer a few shocks in the next few months: defeats, a near crippling injury and, worse still, doubts regarding my selection by Ireland to compete in the Games at all.

First, the defeats. On Saturday afternoon, May 5, I took on John Landy of Australia in one of the most publicized mile races of the century at the Coliseum in Los Angeles. This was to be a dress rehearsal for the Olympics as far as I was concerned. Discarding my usual tactic of staying back off the pace, I holed into the lead at the start of the race. Within half a lap I was 20 yards up on Landy but going far too fast. In my inexperience I had run the first furlong in a flying 26 seconds. The quarter time was under 57 seconds, a killing pace, and I was still out in front by some 15 yards. By the halfway mark I began to tie up and was passed shortly afterward by Landy and Jim Bailey, another Australian. I struggled home in 4:05, with Bailey handing Landy a shock defeat in a sub-four-minute clocking for both.

If I hadn't run too smartly, I at least spent my time off the track wisely listening to Landy's advice on how to run the mile. John pointed out flaws in my action, which I worked on subsequently, and he assured me it was only a matter of time before I, too, would join the Four Minute Club.

Vinquished though I was, my Villanova classmates did not desert me. When I arrived home a party of 300 met me at the airport and cheered me as though I had won. It was as if they were saying, "We have faith in you, Ronnie. Don't quit now." Also, in my absence

they had elected me treasurer of my class. It was remarked that I was the first Villanovan to use television in my campaign, a reference to the nationally televised Landy race.

A week later I again met the green-vested back of Landy running another sub-four-minute mile in the Fresno Relays, while I followed him home some 75 yards behind. This form did not exactly augur too well for my Olympic hopes. I had hardly time to lick my wounds, for immediately on my return to Villanova I had to sit exams. This was probably the best thing that could have happened, for my mind was taken off track completely and I did not have time to be depressed or disappointed. Exams were no particular bother to me. My approach to studies was the same as it was to athletics. I never studied particularly hard but studied regularly. I established a pattern of going over to the library each evening after dinner and staying there until closing time. Many nights I would fall asleep at the study table from the sheer exhaustion of a hard training session. One of the librarians would usually awaken me when it was time to go home. With the strict silence rule in the library I could really get a good sleep. This, of course, was not my reason for going there. I had the honest intention of studying, but when fatigue set in my head would droop and I would doze off. Another attraction of the library was the chance of meeting some talent from the local girls' colleges. A real star would move through the reading room as soon as some strange female came in the door. All eyes, except those of the very dedicated, would turn and follow her movements step by step to where she would choose to sit. If she was pretty, or, more important, well built, very little study would be done from then on. Instead, the lads would find some reason to consult the books on the shelves nearest to her, at the same time getting a closer look at the merchandise. When the young lady got up to leave, half the boys would trail out after her. Now that I think of it, I must have missed seeing a lot of talent while I slept.

NEXT WEEK

In the final part of his story, Ron Delaty tells of the obstacles he had to overcome before he could win the Olympic 1,500

In the ancient days when basketball was an adolescent, Eddie Gottlieb and the game survived as the prelude to a dance. They remember those times in Philly upstairs in the grand ballroom of the Broadwood Hotel, where for 65¢ men, 35¢ ladies you could "get the Saturday night SPHAs' habit" watching Chickie Passon scrambling or Stretch Meehan maneuvering under the basket or Cy Kaselman arching in those long two-handers from way out or Eddie Gottlieb, on the bench in a loud, flowered tie, managing the team and counting the house. And afterward, when Gil Fitch would climb out of his SPHAs' uniform (designed by Eddie Gottlieb) and climb up on the stage and lead his band, the dancing would begin.

At some places, like the Visitation Athletic Club in Brooklyn, there was dancing before the game, too, and even in between the periods, but at the Broadwood it never began till after the SPHAs were finished playing. Of course, those ladies who did not wish to watch basketball were permitted to come late, when they could get in for just two bits. But very few would do that. "In those days," Eddie says, "many of the Jewish people would not let their daughters go to an ordinary dance, except they could go to the SPHAs. And listen, they were good times for the young people. We even gave whatshame, uh, Kitty Kallen, we gave her her start, and a lot of couples who are still to this day happily married, they met at the SPHAs' games. Isn't that right, Mike?"

Mike Jannarella nods gravely. Mike is the ticket manager for the Philadelphia 76ers, with offices adjoining Gottlieb's. Mike has been with Eddie, more or less, since 1929, when Gottlieb first started booking games for Mike's baseball team, the 2nd Ward Republican Club. "How are you gonna get games with a name like that?" Gottlieb had asked him before he changed it to the Philadelphia Italians. "I changed a lot of names like that," he says. SPHAs itself stood for South Philadelphia Hebrew Association. Sometimes, out of town, Eddie had them go just as the Philadelphia Hebrews.

Besides basketball, Gottlieb was the manager of various football and baseball teams, commissioner of various leagues in several sports, owner of the

If you wanted to play any sport in Philly, you saw Eddie Gottlieb. He ran everything. He's still a busy guy, still a power in basketball and still giving away chocolate bars

by FRANK DEFORD

EDDIE IS THE MOGUL



Negro baseball franchise and, really, proprietor and general manager of all amateur and semipro sport in Philadelphia and environs. He arranged the scheduling of virtually every team in every sport in the area. During the baseball season he would book more than 500 games a week. If you were Mike Iannarella and you were managing the 2nd Ward Republican Club and you wanted games, you went to Eddie Gottlieb. For an agent's 10% he would get you a match; the better you were, the higher the guarantee. If you crossed Eddie, if you didn't show up or something, you didn't get any more games. "They feared me like they feared the wrath of God," Eddie says. He was The Mogul. "A mogul," Eddie explains, "is a top banana."

In pro basketball today Eddie Gottlieb is still referred to as The Mogul. He was one of the organizers of the league and is on the NBA Board of Governors as a part owner of the San Francisco Warriors. He bought the team for \$25,000 in 1952 and sold it for \$850,000 10 years later. He also received a good salary to go out to S.F. (Eddie always calls it S.F.) and help the franchise get going out there. Later, just for kicks, The Mogul bought back a piece of the team.

The NBA also keeps Gottlieb on the Rules Committee and the Referees Committee. And the Schedule Committee? "Schedule Committee, what the hell," Eddie says. "I'm on the schedule committee." He always has been. "Sometimes," he says, "I get the urge and get up in the middle of the night and work on it." Mike Iannarella says, "Eddie has more brains than the rest of the NBA put together." Anyway, if you are scoring, Eddie's intelligence matches his warmth.

In his office Eddie leans back in his chair and smiles, a mischievous Buddha. It seems there should always be a band and happy music to follow Eddie Gottlieb, just as there was back at the Broadwood. His game does not lead directly to marriages anymore, but he is forever giving away things or setting up deals for friends. He has so many transistors in his office that it looks like a Tokyo discount house. There are pocket radios and portable TV sets and tape recorders and eyeglasses that have a

radio in them. "I don't have one of those clock radios left," Eddie says, mad that he can't display at least one. "It's a Bulova. If you saw it, you'd want one. That's why I don't have any left. People would see one, and then I'd have to get them one at cost. So now I don't have a single one, and I'm the one that's buying them all."

Eddie has saved an awful lot of things, like great quantities of financial and attendance figures kept in large brown envelopes. There are also items with more life—basketball yearbooks dating back to the early 1900s and programs and pictures. There is a picture, for instance, of Gottlieb with Khrushchev, taken when Eddie was leading one of the Harlem Globetrotter caravans. There is a picture of Gottlieb on a camel that was taken in Egypt. ("This is before Nasser," he explains.) Another time Eddie met the Pope and he has medals he picked up then that he will give you if you are a Catholic.

In the midst of the files and the transistors sits Eddie, neat and organized before a clean desk. The only thing on the desk is the phone that rings all the time. Eddie has always worked by phone. He has always had a clean desk, too, because the way he learned to operate was to pay a bill the minute it came in, preferably by cash since that got him 3% off. That is the neat way Eddie always did business. Dan & Bradstreet stopped coming around to ask him questions a long time ago, because what good is it to investigate a man's credit rating if the man never asks for credit?

Eddie hasn't changed much since the Broadwood days. He has never been as chubby as people suggested, even though he loves sweets, especially candy and ice cream. To this day, if Eddie really likes something, he will drive all his associates berserk with his enthusiasm. How much can a man have to say about Hershey bars? Gottlieb has exasperated his most devoted companions with repetitious, tender monologues about these chocolates. He gives them away, too.

The Mogul's memory is positively faultless in every way except one: he remembers all the scores but not the years. Also, he has perfect recall of gate receipts, attendance and weather condi-

tions, predicted and actual. But not the years. Typical Gottlieb goes something like this: "That was the first four-team doubleheader in Yankee Stadium. We came in with the Pittsburgh Crawfords in the first game against the Philadelphia Stars, and in the second game it was the New York Black Yankees against the Chicago American Giants. It rained the whole night before the game and really didn't stop until just before the first game started, but we had 25,000 there, and the concessions were just tremendous. Slim Jones—he died of pneumonia when he was still very young—he was pitching for the Stars. Oh, he was fast! And we had Satchel pitching for the Crawfords. It was a 1-1 tie, so we called it in the 10th inning with the idea in mind that we could repeat the whole damn game a few weeks later, which we did. And you know, we got just about the same gate all over, even though, just like the first time, it rained right up until the game started."

What year would that be, Eddie?

"Oh now, I don't know. We could figure it out. Let's see now, Gus Greenlee, he had the idea for the four-team doubleheader, and he came to me. Now that would mean . . . And Slim had to still be alive—there, there's a picture of Slim. So that would make it . . . I ought to have something definite on this somewhere. . . ." Eddie's not very good with the years. He is somewhere over 30 himself. "I wasn't born," The Mogul says, "I just grew, like Topsy."

Anyway, when first discovered, Eddie was living in New York City on 107th Street at Madison Avenue, in what is now Spanish Harlem, hitching rides on ice trucks over to Coogan's Bluff to see the Giants play. Baseball was Eddie's first sport, and he made a pretty fair player. "Well, I was average," he says. "Two things wrong with me as a catcher: I couldn't hit very well, and I couldn't throw very well." Then, quickly: "But, listen, I was an A-1 receiver."

Gottlieb did not touch a basketball until his mother moved the family to Philadelphia after Eddie's father Morris, who ran a candy store, died. Eddie was 9. The Gottliebs lived in South Philly, where Eddie attended Southern High. "I was considered a tough kid," he says. "And not to blow my own horn, but I was also always considered

continued

a player with a pretty good noodle." At 15 he was running a baseball team of 18- and 19-year-olds, and while still in high school he was catching weekend and summer games in an industrial league for Becker, Smith and Page, "a wallpaper outfit." He would pick up "a five-spot here, three bucks there."

In basketball, Gottlieb played a stationary guard on the YMHA team. However, when the Y reopened on promises of free memberships and carfare, Gottlieb arranged to have his group represent the South Philadelphia Hebrew Association, a social club. It was 1918 and, though the club soon withdrew its offer of free uniforms, the Gottlieb teams kept the name. The Mogul also designed the uniforms, which included plaid shorts. Often, too, the SPHAs across the chest was done in Hebrew letters.

In those days it was the accepted practice for teams to pick up ringers whenever possible. For a while the SPHAs had a Roman Catholic priest catching for their baseball team. Another time Rubie Chambers, an Irish junk-ball pitcher, was picked up for a game. He slid into second base and was dusting himself off when an Irish buddy of his—playing shortstop that day for the opposition—asked him: "Rubie, what do all those Jewish letters mean?"

"I better not tell you," Chambers said, growing darkly serious. His pal persisted. "O.K.," Chambers said, just before he ducked. "They say 'To hell with you, you Irish bastards.'"

In basketball, however, the SPHAs were more consistently Jewish and consistently good. Gottlieb became the manager ("Coach" didn't come in until later, until the collegiate influence) after he was graduated from the School of Pedagogy and briefly taught physical education in junior high. "There were a lot of players jumping around then, playing with one team one night, another the next," he says. "The SPHAs were one of the few teams to play a lot of games. Play Saturday night at home, then hop in the machine Sunday for a game. We played 75, 80 games a year. And they talk about the long season now! Hell, we played October into April, and I could have filled the joint all summer if I could have found anyone to play against." It was fine for the players. By the '30s, when the SPHAs were acknowledged to be world champions, players made about \$35 to \$50 a game.

The early SPHAs—"Gotty's Goal Gatherers," as contemporary journalists sometimes called them—had reached their peak in the 1925-26 season when they beat the Original Celtics two games out of three. They faded for a few years, but in the fall of 1929—an otherwise ominous time—they came back to the Broadwood.

Gottlieb rebuilt the team with young Jewish players. They won the Eastern League three of the next four years and then shifted to the American League when it was reorganized in 1933. The SPHAs surprised a lot of teams, especially the New York Jewels, which was the pro name for the St. John's Wonder Five, by winning the first American League title and most of those that followed. Players were younger than today's pros, and few had attended college. On the team that won the first American League title in 1933-34, Red Wolfe was the oldest at 27. Harry Litwack, who coaches at Temple now, was 25. Irv Forman was 23, and so were Gal Fitch, the bundlehead, and Cy Kaselman, the high scorer. "What an eye that Kaselman had!" says Eddie. "Put him on the free-throw line and let him make one or two. Then blindfold him and he could make 100 shots in a row." Shkey Gonthoff was only 21, and Moe Goldman came in from CCNY at the same age in midseason. He was a big center, 6' 2", though years before Stretch Meehan had really been something at 6' 7". The youngest of the '34 SPHAs was Inky Lautman, who was just 18 and the first player Gottlieb ever saw who could shoot with either hand. If he was the first Eddie ever saw do it, it is probable that no one else ever did it before.

Here comes The Mogul now into Horn & Hardart, the coffee shop, for a bite to eat after a game. He is with Dave Zinkoff, a friend, like Mike, who has been working around Gottlieb for decades. The Zink is most famous for doing the P.A. announcing at 76er games. He drives Eddie around sometimes in Gottlieb's big Cadillac, The Zink peering through the steering wheel, The Mogul giving orders. This is how they usually got to Horn & Hardart to wait for the first morning editions. Gottlieb rarely smokes or drinks, and he is a lifelong bachelor. "No," he says, "I never even came close. Now, maybe the girl thought she came close. May-

be that. I wouldn't know about that."

He did have one singular experience with liquor, back in 1946, when he promised to drink one martini for each of several selected games that the Warriors won. The Warriors won nine, and after they captured the title Gottlieb came into the bar to drink his debt.

"To start with, we lined up four," says Matt Guokas Sr., who played for the Warriors then and whose son plays for the 76ers now. "And they were tough ones. They were very dry martinis." Gottlieb, surprising everyone, downed the four in a row, each in one gulp. Then he demanded the next five, right away. The players, still stunned and now also scared, suggested he wait. Gottlieb did. Nothing happened. He went out for a newspaper and came back, unperturbed. But the players refused to let him have the other five. "Don't worry, Gotty, you'll feel it tomorrow," one of them called to him as he left the bar. "I haven't felt a thing yet," Gottlieb says.

"Don't you have a home?" the Horn & Hardart waitress says to Gottlieb.

"I came in just because The Zink wants something," Eddie says. Obviously, he and The Zink spend a lot of time here. In fact, Gottlieb has been patronizing several H&Hs for many years. "We used to hang over at the one at 15th and Market," he says. "All the guys would hang there, so you knew where to go if you were looking for a pitcher. You'd call up or you'd go over and just say, 'Who the hell's loose tomorrow?' I didn't get involved in much of that myself. I had enough just booking teams. If I supplied a player to a team, it was for nothing, an accommodation."

Gottlieb seldom bothered with contracts, preferring to accept a man's word. He also disliked negotiating. He wanted to set a fair price and strike a quick bargain. When he brought Negro baseball back to Yankee Stadium in 1939, he and Colonel Burrow settled the whole deal in less than five minutes. Usually Gottlieb's price was accepted, for it was well established that he was a fair man—something more than that, really. A lot of people knew he was the one to go to for walking-around money. Occasionally, he would be supporting practically every team in a league.

Probably the most protracted negotiations he ever participated in took place



PHANS OF 1916 were (on floor) Harry Patton and Lou Schneiderman. (seated) Charley Newman, Mark Benn, Hughie Buck, Chuckie Patton, Eddie Gottlieb, (standing) Bobby Senchuck, manager.

in 1946 when the Basketball Association of America was starting and Gottlieb heard about a back-country Kentucky boy named Joe Fulks who had burned up a service league out in the Philippines. The BAA had set a bankroll limit of \$50,000 for each team, and Fulks came in asking for \$8,000. "That damn hillbilly wouldn't budge a nickel," Gottlieb recalls. "Joe talked about as much as this table. I'm saying 49 words out of 50, but he's saying no. And I've never even seen the guy play!"

Gottlieb probably would have sent Fulks back to Kentucky but for one thing—the kid had turned down other offers to talk to Gottlieb first, just because Gottlieb had called him up one day and gotten him to promise that. "And he didn't know me from a bag of peanuts," The Mogul says. Silent and determined, Fulks was one guy who outlasted Gottlieb. In exasperation, Eddie finally signed him for \$8,000.

Joe Fulks was to take pro basketball off the ground. He averaged an absolutely amazing 23 points a game and led the Warriors to the first BAA title. "To this day," Gottlieb says, "I will still say that Joe Fulks had the greatest assortment of shots of any player." The Mogul talked it over with Coach Gottlieb, and they decided to let the boy shoot. No one else on the team was in double fig-

ures. On January 14, 1946, Fulks threw in 41 points in Toronto, which was nothing short of fantastic. People came out to see Joe Fulks play pro basketball with the Warriors.

"I've always been a promoter-coach," Eddie says, "in that order. I'm in this game for so many years, but always that way: promoter-coach. My attitude always was that any coach should take advantage of the rules, but never to the detriment of the game. That's the line.

"Don't ask me is this player now better than that one then. The old guys all want to talk about that and argue about it. Those old ballplayers would have adjusted, I'll tell you that. I've adjusted to changes. That's the secret of my success. Now they want to know, is the game now the best basketball? It is. You know why? Because this is the kind of game that the public wants. If the public doesn't want it, it'll change.

"I always thought I was a pretty good coach. Not a bad one. I could get a team up. My primary thing was always box office. You remember Providence? It was Ernie Calverly and all those firehouse guys from Rhode Island State. Run, run, run. You remember how bad they were [6-42 in 1947-48]? One reason was that most everybody in the league held the ball on them and wouldn't let them run. Just about every-

body but me. I wanted them to run. I knew from a coach's standpoint that was bad, but it was what the public wanted." Eddie Gottlieb leaned forward in his chair. "What the hell's the use of playing Providence," he said, "if it's not Providence playing?"

Gottlieb coached the Warriors until 1955, when he had a gall-bladder operation. By then he was the owner, anyway. All along, though, he guided the league. Nearly every innovation or beneficial rule change in the NBA was either inspired by Gottlieb or influenced by his judgment. "They talk about me and Benny Kerner and Danny Biasone and Les Harrison," Eddie says, a little steamed up. "They always say we carried our franchises in our hats. Well, listen, first of all, I have never operated without an office. But I could do with one man—myself—what they use six for now. I'd be crazy to hire someone to do something I could do myself, wouldn't I?" His voice got a little gruffer. Eddie has a great deal of pride. "Kerner, Biasone, me—we couldn't just go down to the bank and get a loan. This was my blood; this wasn't a tax gimmick. If I lost \$50,000, it was \$50,000 that I lost.

"But I understood. Listen, I grew up scrambling. It was 15¢ a day to go to school with. That was lunch money and carfare, too, if the weather was bad and you had to ride. We sufficed. But what the hell, we were pioneers. And facts are facts. We set up the guys who are making all the money now.

"Listen," Eddie said, "we were just a different breed. It was different times. I see the way they operate now, and I figure if I had to do it all over again, I'd do it their way." He leaned back and kind of winked at that thought. As he said, he could always adjust. But maybe the reason Eddie Gottlieb was able to hang on was not because he adjusted so well, but because sometimes he would not adjust at all. It is something like playing Providence—no sense being Eddie Gottlieb if it's not Eddie Gottlieb.

So Eddie said good night and picked up his hat and stepped outside into the cold Philadelphia night. He turned and adjusted the hat just a bit. The game was over and The Mogul was leaving. If you listened hard you could hear Gil Fitch and the band starting to play. And the dancing is still in Eddie's eyes. **END**

Pretty **Deirdre Barnard** at 17 is a national water-ski champion in her own country and holder of the Australian Masters Championship. Next month she plans to take off for Australia to defend her title there, and later she will go on to England to train for next year's world championships—she came in third in 1965. It is just as well that she's leaving home to train, since home is South Africa, and her father, heart-transplant doctor **Christian Barnard**, does not have quite as much time as he used to have for hauling his daughter around the lake outside of Cape Town.

Ohio is not widely known for its mountains, so Governor **James Rhodes** had his work cut out for him on a recent tour to publicize the state's 10 ski slopes. He had it cut out for him, but he didn't do it. "C'mon, Governor, let's see you take a little run on the ski," a photographer suggested at one point. The governor said, "Nope." His granddaughter was willing, however, and Rhodes said, "Maisy is learning to ski, and she tells me that Ohio's slopes are excellent." Maisy is 3.



That is **Minnesota Fats** (above) with Brooklyn **Fats**, alias comedian **Buddy Hackett**. Pool shark **Rudolf Wanderone** temporarily has departed from Dowell, Ill. (pop. 453) to tape a TV series in which he takes on a few celebrities. Among them are **James Garner**, **Phyllis Diller**, **Bill Cosby**, **Zsa Zsa Gabor**, **Mickey Rooney** and the **Smithers Brothers**, possibly to be followed by **Roger Morris**, **Willie Mays**, **Elizabeth Taylor**, **Richard Burton** and **Dan Sharif**. In case he should fail to hold audience attention with his pool shots, **Fats** figures to hustle the viewers with his new wardrobe. He has acquired some fetching \$500 suits made up in kelly green, chartreuse and "heaven blue." "Pool is the rage in California," **Fats** says, reporting that there are now two tables in *The Dandy* and four in *The Factory*. He listed as the best pool-playing sportsmen **Leo Durocher**, **Dean Chance** and, to nobody's surprise, **Bo Belinsky**; but by and large, he says, muscles and pool do not mix. "You need a wrist stroke, but no muscles." Opponent **Hackett** appears to fulfill that second requirement, anyway.

It seems that in England fully a third of industrial accidents involve the feet and ankles, a problem which that great soccer player **Sir Stanley Matthews** (left)

is attacking. The British Safety Council is launching a campaign this month, which will involve circulating in 50,000 factories photographs of the footprints and faces of 16 famous people to be matched up by the workers and accompanied by two lines of verse on the poetic subject of wearing safety footwear. Some of the famous feet, in addition to **Sir Stanley's**, will be those belonging to **Henry Cooper**, the **Duke of Edinburgh**, World Cup soccer stars **Bobby Moore** and **Bobby Charlton**, **Christine Truman** and singer **Millicent Martin**, at present playing **Peter Pan** in London. **Charlie Chaplin** has been sent a do-it-yourself foot-printing kit and asked to return a print. How many English feet and ankles all this will save is, of course, not known, but there is one thing you probably can bet on. If many people put **Henry Cooper's** feet in **Millicent Martin's** mouth, **Miss Martin** is going to be mad.

Willie Mays made a hole in one recently, to defeat golfers **Mickey Mastick**, **Jackie Robinson** and **Bob Feller**. The great confrontation took place in **Gallagher's Steak House** in New York, where the four attended a publicity luncheon given by **American Airlines** to publicize the second **Astrojet Golf Classic**, to be held next month near San Diego. Baseball players, football players and local businessmen will

play in the tournament to aid cancer research. **Willie's** hole in one was only a 10-foot putt, but all four had three chances, and only **Willie** came through. On his first try, too. He won the putting strip, \$167 worth of **AstroTurf**.

While **Willie Mays** was winning his match at **Gallagher's** in New York, Quarterback **Joe Namath** was engaged in losing the Pro Football Players' championship in Florida. He finished 23 strokes behind the **Atlanta Falcons' Steve Sloan**, who used to be his substitute at Alabama and, with his handicap, 17th out of a field of 91. Actually that wasn't bad at all for a man who says his handicap, he guesses, is the night before. Then, too, **Namath** has not played much golf since last July, partly, he explains, because he feared he might hurt himself.

The Cuban Missile Crisis Club is not really a jolly name for a social group, but then neither is the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, and occasionally they seem to have a good time. The CMCC is a very In poker-playing group in Washington. It is reported to have been formed to help ease tensions during the Cuban missile buildup, which was probably as good an excuse as any to play poker, and members include **Art Buchwald**, **David Brinkley**, **Jack Valenti**, **Carl Rowan** and the Malaysian ambassador, **Tan Sri Ong Yoke Lin**. **Brinkley** reports that the club now meets "spasmodically" to play for "more than pennies" and that the best players are **Rowan** and "that scrutable Diemiel." His Excellency **Tan Sri Ong Yoke Lin**, or **Yoke**, for short. The latter has observed that he prefers poker to bridge because, "If you're a lousy bridge player everyone hates you and never asks you back. But if you're a lousy poker player and lose a lot of money then everyone loves you and you always get asked back."

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Course & Location	No.	Players	Start/End Date
Guvernors Country Club (Guvernors)	72	Heath Rutledge Orestes Subitane	Jan. 28
Real Club de Golf "El Real" (Barcelona, Spain)	73	Francisco Barrera Santiago Alzaga	Jan. 27
Royal Cinque Rivers Golf Club (Stambridge, N.Y. Ireland)	71	Bob Jenkins Clayton D. Cooney	Feb. 5
Carson Bay Club (Hawthorne, Bahamas)	72	Julius Barnes Arnold Palmer	Feb. 10
Parson Golf Course (Alpharetta, Georgia)	73	Greg Langford Ralph Allie	Feb. 17
Golf Club de Vancouver (Vancouver, British Columbia)	73	Frankie Harman Curtis Stone	Feb. 24
Shaw Hotel & Country Club (St. Paul, Canada)	72	Edo Capone Dag Bonner	Mar. 2
Victoria Golf Club (Victoria, Canada)	69	Cliff Davidson George Brashers	Mar. 9
Recreation Valley Golf Course (St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.)	73	Cliff Davidson George Brashers	Mar. 16
Forest & Lakes Golf Club (St. Andrews, Scotland)	73	Phil Rodgers Bobby Henson	Mar. 23
Chaparral Country Club (Houston, Texas)	72	Tommy Bolt Roberto De Vicenzo	Mar. 30





The diving coach at the University of South Carolina is a youthful Englishman who deftly perleys his accent, comedy routines and skill

A 107-foot fall to success

The Americanization of John Candler is almost complete. His British accent is still strong and he is not yet a U.S. citizen, but he was a two-time All-America diver at Michigan—and he has uncovered some secrets of the great American pastime of recruiting athletes.

He is now diving coach—under Head Swimming Coach Jack Thompson—at the University of South Carolina, and he admits that his recruiting technique is laughable. It was not intended to be that way, but two years ago when Candler first put on his comedy diving act at the Swimming Hall of Fame in Fort Lauderdale, Fla. several high schoolers in the audience came clustering around, asking about South Carolina and virtually recruiting themselves. Now the act is standard procedure.

During the recent Christmas holiday there were some 2,000 high school and college swimmers and divers in Fort Lauderdale. During his first few days in town, Candler managed to contact only one young prospect, but after he had put on his clown suits and performed, four other high school divers sought him out and asked about South Carolina.

Of course, clown diving isn't all there is to Candler's recruiting. He has that British accent, the memory of a dive off a spindly 107-foot ladder into 10 feet of water and, finally, a remarkable ability to coach.

Does the accent really help?

"Oh yeah," says Debbie Tomberg, dreamily rolling her eyes. Debbie is a freshman at South Carolina and, with Norma Chandler, is one of two girls coached by Candler. For her part, Norma says, "I've trained under lots of coaches, but nobody is like him. He knows how to treat each kid. He's the greatest. I mean, he can even yell at me and I don't mind."

Norma, a high school junior in Fairfax, Va., makes frequent two-hour flights to Columbia, S.C. to spend weekends under Candler's tutelage. She spent last summer being coached by him, will do so again this year and is determined to go to college at South Carolina.

And that dive?

Candler's 107-foot leap into the pool at the Fontainebleau Hotel in Miami Beach in 1964 was part of his performance when he won the first of his three world professional high-diving championships. Just as he did not realize that his comedy acts would bolster his recruiting, Candler had no idea that his spectacular dive would net him anything more than the \$750 first-place money. But the show was televised, as were two later championships in Las Vegas. One of those watching was Mike Mayfield, himself a three-time All-America diver when he was in high school in Fort Lauderdale. Another was John Thoder, a

1967 prep school All-America from Bethlehem, Pa. After Candler became diving coach at South Carolina, he met Mayfield and Thoder, and they both remembered him from his televised high dives. Presto! They became the first two divers won by the Candler method of recruiting.

As for coaching, well, acquiring high school divers is one thing, but Candler has to turn them into collegiate winners or his recruiting efforts would be pointless. Last season was his first at South Carolina, and none of the boys he had signed up was yet eligible to compete. Nevertheless, his divers had a perfect dual-meet record and maintained that string through the opening three meets this season; in 17 straight meets Candler's divers finished first and second every time in both one- and three-meter competition. Vic Laughlin, a 25-year-old former sailor and the father of three children, won the Atlantic Coast Conference championship on both boards last year.

Like many other coaches, Candler indoctrinates his divers with some basics of physics and the laws of motion. "We call it applied mechanics," Candler says, "and I'm convinced that no one can be a champion unless he knows things like whether he is diving on a sagittal, vertical or horizontal plane."

Fortunately, he keeps most of his conversation on a less lofty academic plane, and his ability to converse easily with pupils like Norma and Vic—he is only 28 himself—has been invaluable. And since there is a certain amount of fear inherent in diving—it is proportionate to the height of the dive—Candler's background becomes invaluable.

"I know that when you start diving off the tower for the first time, it's rough," he says. "It's an asset to be able to tell my divers that if I could dive safely from 100 feet, they can dive from 33."

Candler's early days as a diver in England (he was born in Scarborough, in Yorkshire) gave no indication that he would become a world champion. "I did everything wrong," he recalls, "but the coach told me I could come back if I wanted to." He came back and in 1960 and 1964 dived for Britain at the Olympics; in 1964 he finished ninth off the three-meter board.

After graduating from the University of London as an aeronautical engineer, he took a job with a British helicopter

corporation. "It wasn't what I wanted, though," Candler says. "There I was, one of 400 draftsmen lined up row upon row. I wanted something more lively." When the chance came to enroll at Michigan and join its fine diving team, Candler came to the U.S. Now he is married to an American girl, has one son and, like thousands of other young men, spends his Christmas holidays in Fort Lauderdale. Heeding the advice of his wife, Mary, he does not ogle the battalions of girls gallivanting through town but concentrates instead on divers. Also heeding Mary's advice, he is inclined to feel that his days as a diver off 100-foot towers are over.

"There are too many risks and not enough money in it," he says. "Those 100-foot diving towers are nothing more than tubular metal ladders that fit on top of each other and are held in place by guy wires. When I first looked up at a 100-foot ladder, I felt as anyone else would: it was unbelievable to think of diving off there.

"The first time I was up on one I was standing there shaking, and this guy from television—he was in a bucket at the end of a long crane—started asking me silly questions. Did I know how high up I was? Was I doing it just for the money? Here I was trying to concentrate. You're going 80 miles an hour when you hit the water, and if you don't land right you're a grease spot on the bottom of the pool."

Landing properly is the key to high diving, especially when the pool is only 10 feet deep. (Divers who use the standard 10-metre—or 33-foot—platform need at least 14 feet of water.) In superhigh diving, the trick is to enter the water feet first, which is not as simple as it sounds.

"You've got to go in with semipointed toes," Candler says, with a semistraight face. "If you go in flat-footed, you'll rupture the blood vessels on the bottoms of your feet. If your toes are too straight, you'll knife right to the bottom. And then, once you enter the water,

you have to bring your knees up and spread your arms to slow yourself down.

"In Vegas, I once hit the water wrong and tore the tendons behind both knees. I couldn't swim, and I had to drag myself out of the pool. I rolled onto the grass and cried. I was lucky I didn't zero out completely."

Candler is far from being the stereotypical of the phlegmatic Briton. He is a high-voltage competitor on all levels, and he can get as riled up as any outgoing American. He speaks of the U.S. as "a paradise for the athlete," yet he can become enraged at the inconsistencies in the judging at diving competitions, something that he attributes largely to "the AAU shump." Several times he has been burned by other coaches' recruiting practices, and he vows grimly "these things won't happen again." It seems a good bet that they won't. Considering Candler's accomplishments so far you come to realize that this chap in the funny suit on the diving board is no clown.

END

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Background: left, Chevy II Nova SS Coupe, and right, Chevrolet Malibu Sport Sedan. Foreground: Impala Custom Coupe.



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A battling Yank crashes the big time

Undaunted by his U.S. birth, big Doug Roberts wins an NHL wing

Ten years ago Doug Roberts was a high school student in Detroit, and on Thursday and Sunday nights during the winter he rode the bus out Grand River Avenue to Olympia Stadium to be a stick boy for the Detroit Red Wings. Today Roberts is a Red Wing, and he rides in from suburban Birmingham with Gordie Howe. He rides with that hockey demigod because he skates on Howe's line—which is one of the more

preposterous facts of the season. As everyone knows, Americans are incapable of playing pro hockey, a game that is Canadian property.

In the 51-year history of the National Hockey League, only a handful of American players have ever lasted for any length of time, and this year Roberts and Boston's Tommy Williams, who was born in Duluth, are outnumbered by Canadians 214 to 2. Roberts has given the odds considerable thought.

"It's a combination of things," he says. "First, there's the difference in the rules: forechecking isn't allowed in American colleges and in the Olympics. But for me a tougher problem was simply skating."

Roberts meant skating with a stick and a rubber disk, not carving the ice Dick Button style. Of the scattering of Americans in minor league hockey, none could stickhandle well enough to claim any new jobs created last year by the NHL's expansion. Frank Brimsek, Jack McCartan, Carl Wetzel and Johnny Mariucci are all U.S. citizens who played big-league hockey, but, significantly, all but Mariucci were goalies who did their skating in the 4-by-8-foot crease.

Williams of Boston was an unusually good skater for an American—but at first he suffered the other native failing, that of skating with his head down. It was Williams who helped set up the winning goal in America's dramatic 3-2 victory over the Russians in Squaw Valley in 1960. But until this year—his best ever—Williams was slowed by injuries. "I really don't think I would have been hurt as much if I had grown up playing under Canadian rules," Tommy says.

In Canada the first piece of advice given a youngster stepping on a hockey rink is: "Never skate with your head down. If you do, somebody is liable to take it off." Canadian and pro rules allow checking all over the ice, and some American players never fully recover from their first rough year of Canadian clubbing.

"You learn to bring up the wood when somebody is bearing down on you," says Roberts. "In the NHL you've got to get that stick up fast to absorb some of the shock."

Roberts himself was not always a heads-up type. "In my very first NHL game," he says, "we were playing the Rangers in Detroit and, naturally, I was pretty nervous. I was awed. Alex

[Delvecchio] passed the puck to me, and I remember looking down and thinking, 'Gee, Delvecchio just passed this puck to me.' Then, all of a sudden, the lights went out. I thought I had been hit by the team bus. It turned out to be Jim Neilson."

The Red Wings signed Roberts, an All-State high school halfback who later played both football and hockey at Michigan State, for his size (6' 2", 215 pounds), strength and shot. There was, however, considerable doubt whether he could keep up with pro competition, so Coach Sid Abel sent him to Memphis in the minors for his first year.

Roberts scored 20 goals and 40 assists for Memphis in 1965-66, was named Rookie of the Year, and led Memphis into the playoffs—although those he missed because Detroit called him up as a standby for the Red Wings' own Stanley Cup playoffs.

"I figured then that I had a good chance to make it," he says, "but when I went to training camp the following fall I was kind of timid. I was playing with stars I had read about and watched as a stick boy, and I wasn't very anxious to hit any of them."

So it was back to Memphis, where Roberts was only so-so. By March 3 he had only 11 goals and 18 assists, but then, surprisingly, Detroit recalled him. "I had really gotten down on myself," he says. "My attitude had deteriorated, and I was even thinking about quitting. But when they called me up I was determined to give it my best shot."

Roberts was impressive at right wing, scoring three goals—one a game-winner in Toronto—in 13 games. Last September he reported to training camp confident and fit.

"I got off to a good start in the exhibitions," he says. "Then I found myself playing less and less as the veterans got into shape, and all the bad things started snowballing."

Despite the lack of ice time, Roberts had scored four goals when the Red Wings, lagging in the standings, stopped in New York in November on the last leg of a two-week, coast-to-coast road trip. Following a workout above Madison Square Garden, Abel called him aside to tell him he was to report to Fort Worth, where the Memphis franchise had been moved during the off season.

"I couldn't believe what he was say-



ROBERTS SITS OUT FIGHTING PENALTY

ing," Roberts recalls "I was really down, because I didn't think I had been given a chance. But as it turned out, it was probably the best thing that could have happened to me."

"Sitting around builds up pressure, which uses up a lot of your energy. You've got to relax in hockey and use your energy to skate. Just watch Howe sometime, watch how he relaxes and paces himself. Well, when I was sent down, I made up my mind to relax and get back into shape."

In his first game at Fort Worth, Roberts scored two goals and two assists, leaving little doubt that he would soon be back. Abel recalled him on Christmas Day and immediately placed him on the right side of Howe and Delvecchio. Roberts responded with four goals and three assists in the next eight games, and his size and a kind of bouncy recklessness were a bonus, relieving some of the heat on the smaller Wing forwards.

Roberts discovered to his glee that Canadians can also have their lights dimmed. On New Year's Eve in Detroit he encountered Eddie Shack, who had helped muscle the Boston Bruins to the top of the NHL standings and who was now catting around Olympia Stadium like a dervish, scattering Red Wing bodies. Shack's aggressiveness helped Boston to a 1-0 lead in the first period. In the second period, as Detroit piled up five goals, Roberts caught Shack near the boards and all but knocked him out into Hooker Street. The crowd roared its love of this un-American move, and Detroit went on to win 6-4.

"He's got the size," says Abel. "And we need it. He's always had the shot, and he's working well with Gordie, too."

At first Roberts was trying to anticipate Howe's moves—which is as difficult for a rookie as it always is for the defenders. One day during a ride out to Birmingham, Howe said, "Look, Doug, just drive for the net and don't worry. The puck will be there."

Howe has seen to that, and now Roberts, breaking in hard from right wing, has provided the Wings with some of the life they will need to make the playoffs. "Skating always will be my problem," Roberts says. "I can't pussyfoot around or try any dippy-doodle stuff. My game is busting in hard like a locomotive and driving for the net. That's what I've got to do if I'm going to stay up here."

END

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My son, the bridge expert

At the recent Blue Ribbon Pairs championship in New Orleans, which attracted 146 of the toughest pairs in the game, it was, once again, the old familiar names that wound up at the top. Kehela-Lebovic, Mathe-Feldesman, Stayman-Mitchell were the three leaders, and the list of finalists included, among others, Kaplan, Kay, Crane, Roth, Kantar, Hamman and Hayden. There were also two Beckers, and 24-year-old Mike—the youngest of the six Life Masters in that family—beat out his widely known old man, B. Jay. Mike finished in a tie for ninth. Later in the same week he and his partner, Steve Altman—a 24-year-old Long Islander from Forest Hills, who lives just a mile from Mike—also qualified for this year's North American Team Trials by finishing second in the succession board-a-match team championship for the Resinger Trophy. (Mike and Steve will be the youngest pair ever to play in the Trials.) The elder Becker's team did not even qualify for the finals in that event.

Then, with teammates Dan Rotman and Charles Perts of Chicago, the youngsters went on to win the first playoff for the Albert H. Morehead Trophy from a field that included the U.S. team we are counting on to win the '68 Olympiad. By the end of the tournament the old man was proudly but sheepishly introducing himself as "B. Jay Becker—Mike's father."

On this deal from the Blue Ribbon Pairs in New Orleans, Mike was one of only a handful of declarers to bid and make game.

In view of the vulnerability, Altman's jump raise to three spades was bold. A bid over a takeout double—especially a raise of partner's suit—promises no great strength, but the main drawback was that he held only three trumps. If South had only four, the spades might be stacked in East's hand. However, even players who open four-card major suits, as Becker does, are apt to have a five-suit when they open with one spade, and Altman took the gamble. Becker's excellent distribution brought his count

up to 17 points, including three points for his diamond void, and he had no hesitation in going on to game.

West opened the king of hearts, but one look at dummy was enough to dictate a trump shift. It was tempting for declarer to win this trick in his own hand so as to get started with heart ruffs, but Mike recognized the need to take care of his club losers in a hurry. He won the trick in dummy and led the king of diamonds, discarding a club. West took the diamond ace and continued trumps. This time Mike won in his hand and pushed the queen of hearts through West's marked ace, ruffing out that card with dummy's last trump.

Becker pitched his remaining low club on the queen of diamonds, crossed to his hand with the ace of clubs, drew East's last trump and faced up to the problem of playing the heart suit so that he would lose only one more trick.

North-South vulnerable
South dealer

		NORTH	
		♦ Q 8 6	
		♠ 5	
		♥ K Q 10 8 6 4	
		♣ 9 7 5	
		EAST	
		♠ 5 4 2	
		♥ 9 4 3	
		♦ 5 2	
		♣ K J 10 8 2	
		SOUTH	
		♦ A K J 7 3	
		♥ Q 10 8 7 2	
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Art-decoing Brothers Graham (below).



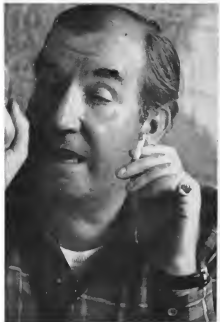
SIX RICH MEN IN QUEST OF A FISH

The men pictured here are members of the X Kilo Club, a democratic society that anyone can join. The only requisites are that the neophyte should have the money to go to Norway and catch a salmon that weighs at least 22.2 pounds—and that Pete Kriendler like him

BY EDWIN SHRAKE



Garcia's Leuk (above) and Writer Ryan (below)



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY TRUJO



Broker Baker (above); Restaurateur Krenmiller (below)



CONTINUED

Perhaps you have never heard of the X Kilo Club. If not, there is no reason to feel inadequate, for all its members could be fitted into a couple of the long black limousines that are always waiting, polished and silent, in front of the club's meeting place. Neither are you likely to have accidentally wandered into the club's room on the third floor of a building at 21 West 52nd Street in Manhattan. The entrance to the building is through a black iron gate, down two steps from the sidewalk and past a reception desk where one gets a proprietary clearance from guards who show inches of linen at cuff and collar, a sort of hard-eyed inspection that remains from the years when the building housed a speakeasy. If you have brought the wife up from Ponca City for a necktie-salesmen's convention and wish to stop in for a beer and a chicken-fried steak, there are restaurants in which you would be more at ease, and tolerated, than in the one that occupies most of the building where the X Kilo Club is located. The restaurant is called "21."

Membership in the X Kilo Club is controlled by black-bill, whim and the stipulation that a member must have caught an Atlantic salmon of more than 22.2 pounds, or else must have made a significant contribution toward other members' catching one. A significant contribution could be defined as furnishing airplanes, lodges, boats or other considerations that would make X Kilo Club members feel you are a wonderful fellow and indispensable to them, in which case peripheral, nonvoting memberships are available, but rarely.

Fishing for Atlantic salmon is a sport that a body of literature has made out to be one of man's nobler enterprises. The fish itself is a grand creature, large and silvery, courageous, angry, aristocratic, arrogant and doomed. The men who pursue it with rod and reel are of all sorts, having in common the willingness to travel to far places and spend prodigal amounts of effort and money for the joy of feeling a salmon run. Men will go to unreasonable ends to experience that moment, and once they have done it they never cease to feel it.

On an evening last July, as the X Kilo Club was near to coming into existence, although none of its future members yet knew it, an old single-engine de Havilland seaplane flew up a fjord at the northern tip of Norway, rattling along between green mountains that stand at either side of the dark water. Streams from melting snowcaps ran down the hills, and mists floated from the fjord to cling like smoke to the pine forests that moved past the wing tips. Clouded islands close below reared up like the sea monsters of Norse legend, and in any direction the country rolled away, green and vast, meadows climbing into mountains, glaciers glowing in the sun, an occasional tiny farmhouse or village sitting improbably in the lonely landscape that is for all but a few months of the year buried in snow. Roaring and shaking, the de Havilland swung around a hill, cleared the crest of another, then plunged

toward a village that had appeared along the shore. Inside the plane, Tony Triolo, the photographer, was praying loudly. The rest of us, only two days removed from our departure from "21," mashed out cigars and cigarettes, gripped chair arms and reassured ourselves that the grinning young pilot did realize he was not at the controls of a Spitfire. "I must say," said Cornelius Ryan, the author, peering out the window as waves rushed up to meet the plane, "this does give one the sensation of flying."

In a few minutes the plane was taxiing toward a wooden dock. The men who had run out to lash the de Havilland to the pilings glanced at each other in perplexity when the door opened in the side of the plane and out stepped Seth Baker of Wall Street, wearing dark glasses, white turtleneck, trench coat, tailored slacks and Gucci shoes, looking as if he had been kidnapped while on his way to a polo match at Cowdray Park. Such splendid garb is uncommon in the town of Alta, 250 miles north of the Arctic Circle, near the top of the world.

We disembarked and gathered at a cabin above the dock, shuffling our feet for a while with hands in pockets, blowing white breath and gazing off at the hills. Finally Seth Baker said, "Now where do we go?"

"Who knows?" said Pete Kriendler, one of the owners of "21," a man who does not appreciate the pleasures of standing still.

"We've come 6,000 miles to get to this town and nobody knows where the lodge is?" said Jimmie Graham, entrepreneur of art of the Old West.

"Call a limousine," Kriendler said. "Call Sven. Where is Sven? Where's our luggage? Do I have to do everything? Are all of you guys helpless? Take you out of New York and stick you in the woods and you're lost, is that it?"

By using the telephone in the cabin, someone located two taxis. We were driven along narrow roads through forests and fields to the Alta airport. This being the Arctic, I had expected to see polar bears and floating ice. Instead, it was like Wyoming, like elk country. Hay was drying on the fences, and a few little bowlegged Lapps walked along the road in their smocks and fur boots, turning at the noise of the taxi engines to look hopefully for customers for their scraggly reindeer hides. Tremendous power lines were strung through the trees, an indication that Alta, 165 miles from the Russian border in an area called Finnmark, is as important to NATO as it is to salmon fishing.

Sven Ericksen, the masseur from the "21" Club, was waiting at the Alta airport. His eyes were very red and he needed a shave. The day before, Sven had wired Kriendler, his boss, in Oslo to say he had arrived in Alta, which is nearly as far north of Oslo as that city is north of Milan, Italy. Kriendler, who was having dinner at the time, had wired back: CHECK IN AT AIRPORT MOTEL AND WAIT. In Alta, the airport motel is a bench in the lobby. Not knowing we had transferred to a chartered seaplane in

continued

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Tromsø, Sven had sat on the bench all night waiting for the SAS flight. When it arrived, the luggage was unloaded, but there were no familiar faces, leading Sven to believe he might not have been abandoned entirely but had been put on hold for another day.

As the 39 pieces of luggage, 940 pounds of which were overweight, were stacked at the counter in Alta, a young Norwegian girl kept looking at the bags and boxes and then at us. "How long do you gentlemen plan to stay?" she asked.

"In Alta a week," said Jimmie Graham.

"We take 20 kilos of luggage each when we go to the States," she said. "If you gentlemen need this much luggage for one week, why don't you hire your own airplane?"

"My dear, we did, we did," Jimmie said.

The luggage had attracted a crowd at the airport in Oslo early that morning as several porters hauled it in on trucks. Besides the usual suitcases, there were long cardboard crates, boxes of liquor, cartons of boots and wet gear, boxes of thermal underwear and mosquito repellent and—gasp! from the crowd—a folding massage table. Kriendler had found a wheelchair from which to direct the unloading, Oddvar Kjesrud, the man from Mytravel International, a Norwegian travel agency that leases fishing boats on salmon rivers, climbed over the counter and began tagging the luggage.

The massage table was lifted onto the counter.

"Don't forget the body oils," Kriendler yelled. Turning to me, he confided, "Somehow, I never thought we would get this far."

For weeks in the spring the mysterious summonses had gone out: dinner at "21," in the Frontier Room, a small gathering. The gentlemen would arrive one by one at the mocha-colored building on 52nd Street between the clamorous clutter of 6th Avenue and the somewhat more elegant clutter of 5th. In the Frontier Room they would sip cocktails beneath old shotguns and prints of animals—unaware that this room would eventually be redecorated with fish pictures and become the headquarters of the X Kilo Club—and, when they had finished their roast beef and were on their way out again, they still would not know why they had been requested to attend.

After they had gone, Pete Kriendler would go into his office and sit among framed cartoons and heaps of books and newspapers at the big table he uses as a desk. "This fellow is all right," Pete would say, examining the list of men who had been at dinner. "This fellow I'm not sure of. He might crack." More summonses would be sent, and again the gentlemen would arrive. In that way, the party was chosen, each member investigated as if Kriendler were recruiting an intelligence network. At Triolo's suggestion, Kriendler had spent two years planning a fishing trip to Norway. "It wouldn't be fair to lay out a pile of cabbage and have one guy run it. I could easily

have got 50 guys for this trip, but if we can make it with just half a dozen of us living together for three weeks in the woods we will have done something great."

What Pete called "a pile of cabbage" was a hearty sum of money. Not counting the airplane fare and the hotel bills in Oslo and Tromsø, fishing the Alta can cost up to \$3,200 per rod per week, depending on the time of the short season and on the beat of the river being fished. The ones Kriendler selected could afford \$10,000 each for three weeks and, he felt, would be congenial under the odd stresses of Arctic daylight. They were: Cornelius Ryan, author of *The Longest Day* and *The Last Battle*, son of an Irish brigadier who raised him on the notion that a gentleman should fly-fish, ride horses and hunt; Seth Baker, Wall Street figure, chum of royalty, Jimmie Graham, art gallery proprietor; Bob Graham, Jimmie's brother and partner in the Graham Gallery, expert on French Impressionists, former intercollegiate wrestling champion at Yale, owner of the world's largest catamaran and of his own private zoo in Connecticut; and Tom Lenk, Austrian-born president of the Garco Corporation, importer of fishing, skiing and hunting equipment, Triolo, who is as good at arranging things as he is at taking pictures, was included from the beginning. With no unseemly reluctance, I agreed to go along. Then Pete also invited Sven Ericksen, who was to act as interpreter and give daily massages to the fishermen whose arms would no doubt be worn out from battle with monster salmon.

From the airport at Alta, it required all the town's taxicabs to drive the Kriendler party and luggage 10 miles to the lodge. As we approached it we could smell the wet earth and hear the rush of the Alta River. The lodge was a rough cabin about the size of a boxcar, and a cold rain was dripping from its eaves. In each bedroom were two tiny bunks, one above the other. "Are Norwegians midge-ets?" Kriendler shouted. "Lumber is the cheapest thing in this country. Why do they have to live like they're at sea?" Wet laundry hung on a fence near the lodge. The luggage was unloaded into the mud. "These accommodations are not what one would call ho ho ho," said Ryan.

But our attention was turned to a butcher-paper tracing on the wall of the living room. The tracing was of a long, fat 45-pound salmon that had been taken from the Alta River a few days earlier. On a wooden post on the porch was a mark that showed how long the fish had been. The river was pouring and gurgling 50 yards from the lodge. The gillies had pulled their graceful longboats onto the bank among pines and birches and tiny blue flowers. Fishing on the Alta begins at 8 p.m. and continues until about 3 in the morning, or whenever each pool has been fished twice. Lunches of smoked salmon, bread and butter, apples, hard-boiled eggs, cookies and coffee had been packed in net bags. The long crates were torn open and out came fly reels and two-handed fly rods supplied by Tom Lenk, and dozens of boxes of flies. Our mood was changing to

continued

anticipation. As the rain quit, we scrambled down the steep bank into the longboats, each of which was crewed by two gillies.

Ryan was one of the first to step into a boat and be motored into the current. He chatted merrily about flies, water conditions, salmon runs and local mores to gillies who spoke little or no English. His conversation is a banquet of topics, ranging in a matter of minutes from the whereabouts of Martin Bormann ("He's dead") to the snoring of Ernest Hemingway ("He snored like a bull but he could get away with it because he was Hemingway") to moviemaking, fishing, and politics ("The Democrats called me up and said they expected me to bring in Ridgefield, Connecticut. Bring in Ridgefield? There are only six Democrats in Ridgefield, and that includes my yard man").

Tom Lenk waited to go out until he was sure the others had loaded up on the equipment he had brought. He also wanted to practice with the two-handed rod, a very awkward casting device for those unaccustomed to it. "In the publicity releases, they claim I grew up with a rod and reel in my hands," Lenk said. "The fact is, I'm less adept at this than anyone else in the group."

Fishing the Alta is bound up with English tradition. Catches have been recorded back to 1567. Except for spring, when the natives who can get permits are allowed to go after the early runs with spoons and spinning tackle, only fly-fishing has been allowed since the Duke of Roxburgh leased the Alta in 1862. One of the English traditions is to fish at night. Although it never gets entirely dark in summer, the gillies say the fishing is best when the midnight sun is closest to the rim of the mountains. However, most gillies are farmers who have always worked their land during daylight; the night was the only time the visiting English could hire them as guides. Another tradition is the use of 12- or 14-foot two-handed rods, 30-pound-test leaders and flies with double hooks. We objected to the heavy equipment and instead used 20-pound leaders, still feeling guilty, but even that did not satisfy the gillies who keep and sell most of the meat that is caught. I think the goals of sport fishing are to relish the outdoors and to hook and fight many fish that have an excellent chance to get away, so it was reasonable for me to ask the gillies why very light spinning tackle was not allowed. "Because it is not done that way," the gillies said.

The first night of fishing produced several salmon of more than 20 pounds but none approaching the mark on the front-porch post. Bob Graham came in with a fine one of 25 pounds. "I've fished half a dozen times in Canada, and I've never seen a salmon this big before," he said. His brother Jimmie had been shut out, as had a few others, but when the fish were laid on the grass in front of the lodge there was no feeling of discontent. The gillies stood around grinning, and the bottle of brown Norwegian akvavit was passed.

Each fisherman would fish a different beat each night,

working hard for four hours, standing upright to handle the long rod while the gillie in the prow rowed steadily to keep the boat headed into the current. At midnight there was a break for lunch on the shore. The gillies would build a fire, and we would sit on a log or on the chair seat from the boat, drinking the strong black coffee, hearing the river running past, smelling the pines and the smoke of the fire. Then we would go back onto the river for the last two or three hours of fishing.

Every kill was recorded in a log book in the lodge. There were frequent trips into the town of Alta—which could have been any small mountain town in the western United States except for the Lapps wandering the streets—to buy the flies that seemed to be currently the most attractive. Mickey Finns, Dusty Millers, Thunder and Lightnings and Blue Charmers were constantly being tied onto lines or clipped off. Knut Kjeldsberg, the chief gillie,



Peter Krenzel and Jim Graham check the results of a night's work.

a young man who is also a cryptographer in the Norwegian air force, listened with amusement to the debates on the merits of various flies.

"I don't think it makes any difference what fly you use," Knut said. "A salmon eats nothing in the river. He hits a fly because it annoys him. The fly itself has little to do with it. A fish can't see colors. He sees shadows and light. A big salmon feels that he owns the pool he is in, and he kills anything that comes into the pool."

But if there was one trait that characterized the Kriendler party it was that hardly anyone showed lack of confidence in his own judgment. Most were accustomed to giving orders, not to listening to suggestions, and they would sit around giving orders to each other, interrupting, contradicting, so that there was always a general din. Kriendler, who is a lawyer and has a seat on the American Stock Exchange, as well as being a partner in the "21" Club and other enterprises, was the captain of an unruly crew. "I'm putting you in charge of the fire-building detail," Kriendler would tell someone, and walk away. A few minutes later Kriendler would return and demand, "Where's the fire?"

"There's no wood, Pete."

"So now there's no wood? Have I got to do everything? What's wrong with you guys, anyhow?" Kriendler would say, waving his arms and stalking off. The cook would come and build the fire.

Knut Kjeldsberg's theory went unheeded. We would pack fly boxes full of little feathered items and set out with the long rods. By fishing every pool in turn, it meant that each fisherman had to spend part of one night at a pool we called Broadway. The trouble with Broadway was that it was in a part of the river that flowed through town, and the banks would be crowded with tourists. The gillies could cast a fly 60 yards with the long rods, but the best of us did well to cast 60 feet and thus we were sensitive to criticism from the bank.

Going down the river to Broadway, the boats would pause to work other pools. On the evening of one trip Seth Baker was casting the Jora pool at the base of the sheer granite Raipas Mountain, trying to improve his technique before it was presented to the public. I was in the boat that evening strictly as an observer, having announced that I would not perform for the amusement of tourists. Seth was less than delighted with the idea, but it was his boat and there was a certain *noblesse oblige* involved. "They're cheating. You shouldn't have a critic at a preview," Seth said, pointing toward the bank. Among the pines stood a lone blond boy, about 12 years old, his hair luminous against the wet emerald of the forest. The boy was not allowed to fish the Alta, but he had walked a long way through the woods to watch the fishing, and now a heavy mist was moving in over the river and lightning cracked behind the hidden face of the Raipas. Tiny bullets began to strike the water. The gillies yelled for the boy to

run for cover. He did not move. When the storm hit, you could see the blond hair for a while, and then the rain was too thick to see it anymore. "A reprieve," Seth said as we huddled in our rubber clothes in the rain. "Maybe this will keep up all night."

His gillies were usually humming or whistling—their favorite tunes being *Edelweiss*, *Yellow Submarine* and *Hello, Dolly!*—and they maintained a concert throughout the storm. When the sky lightened, they started the motor. "No way out now," said Seth. He had been 14 hours without a strike.

Along the bank, at 11 p.m., I counted 43 people and eight automobiles. Two girls waved from the road.

"You think they're discussing my technique up there?" Seth said. His casting improved. He was concentrating grimly on the timing—counting one, two, three as the looping line straightened out behind, whipping the rod forward with a wrist snap. His fly was shooting out 15 feet farther than it ever had before.

Seth took two salmon of more than 20 pounds each at Broadway. After the first, he tried to put on a new fly of the same type, a Blue Charmer, but the gillies refused. "I wonder why they're so averse," he said. "This one is pretty well chewed. Being a typical American I would have just thrown it away and replaced it." He caught a small sea trout, and the gillies called for lunch, pleased that their man was getting fish again.

We all hummed *Yellow Submarine* on the long ride from Broadway back to the lodge. There, six large salmon and a few grise were spread on the grass. The akavitt bottle was moving in a circle. Earlier, we had been talking about founding the X Kilo Club, and everybody had qualified except Tony Triolo (I had caught—pardon, killed—a 35-pound male salmon on a Thunder and Lightning the night before). But now Tony had come in with a 24-pounder, and the membership was complete. The members retired to the lodge to discuss the design of the blazer buttons. On the porch several paused to look again at the one thing that still irritated—that mark on the post. A 60-pounder had been taken in the spring, but that was by a gillie and so did not count. It was this 45-pounder by a tourist that had to be overcome for the good reputation of the X Kilo Club. "I plan to beat that myself," Kriendler said. "Mr. John W. Hawkrose is out there waiting."

The monster was waiting, all right. For years he had escaped the nets, traps and lures on his journeys from the sea up the Alta and back, and the next night he lay at the bottom of a deep pool upriver below the rapids. Chiffs the color of copper, lead and slate went straight up beyond a narrow bank where junipers grew. The water was boiling white and loud at the rapids, and the gillies had to row desperately to prevent the longboat from being whirled down the river. Below, where the monster lay, it was quiet and dark until a trout went past the monster's nose. Surging, he came up from the gravel bed to chase the in-

—continued—

truder. The trout swam for the surface, then began acting very strangely, squirming and thrashing, and the monster came on up to drive this trout out of his pool.

What Jimmie Graham saw from his longboat was the trout strike the Blue Charmer. Jimmie laughed and began reeling in to get the trout off his line. "Maybe I ought to use this one for bait," he said to the gillies. As the trout neared the boat an enormous shadow glided up from the deep pool. A great curving snout came out of the water, the jaws opened, and the trout vanished in an explosion. "My Lord," Jimmie said, "I've caught a hog."

For 45 minutes Jimmie fought the salmon. The longboat went up and down the river for a mile and a half. The first jump was 50 yards from the boat. "Big lax," said a gillie. "That's a hog out there," Jimmie said. The next jump was close. "Please come in," Jimmie said. The salmon ran again, and almost all the backing was stripped off the reel. The gillies rowed in pursuit. Jimmie got the backing back on, and then got some of the fly line, but the salmon pulled it off again. The salmon was charging into the current. Fighting against the river and the action of the rod, the fish began to tire. The salmon came up to the boat, wallowed and sloshed, ran again, came again to the boat. The fly line, dripping and taut, had ceased to move. The gaff flashed. The gillies heaved the floundering fish into the boat. Jimmie sat down heavily. "Let's get back to the lodge before we swamp and drown," he said.

At the lodge the fish was weighed in at 47 pounds. It was two inches longer than the mark on the post. "I told you," Jimmie said. "Didn't I tell you?" They put the fish up on a wooden rack, and the weight collapsed the rack. "Didn't I tell you I would do it?" Jimmie said.

"This is like discovering Atlantis," Connie Ryan said, sitting on the porch beside the mark while Jimmie posed with his fish. "The sea goes down, and for a moment you see it, knowing tomorrow the sea will rise and you will never see it again. These fish are not the fightiest in the world. They're like a sack of flour rolling against the current. The people are hunters, with heavy iron and heavy lines, wanting meat. My arms hurt, my neck hurts, my back hurts, but I've never had such a grand time of fishing. God help us when this is finished forever."

In the morning we packed up and flew down to Tromsø, the capital of the Arctic. The town is built on green hills on the mainland and on an island which is reached by crossing a high bridge over blue water. Polar-bear boats leave from Tromsø, and a low, white, nesty-looking NATO building looks down from the highest hill toward the fishing boats at the wharves. Reporters and photographers were at the airport to meet us. In the newspapers the next day, Krendler was identified as the owner of a chain of restaurants, and the "21" Club was called "James Bond's Club." Our party, it was reported, was made up of "high society millionaires. . . . Never has there been a tourist group like this one." Jimmie Graham was identi-

fied as "Michael Graham, world-renowned photographer, who caught enough salmon at the Alta that he will eat a fish dinner every night for a year and sell the rest in New York for \$30 per pound." ("He must be planning to sell it at '21,'" Tom Lenk said.)

Jimmie's picture was on the front pages of both papers, hands spread wide to indicate the size of his fish. He was stopped on the streets and asked to sign autographs. He walked into a store and inquired if he could write a personal check for a purchase. "Of course, Mr. Graham, anything you wish," the clerk said. "I could have bought the whole town," said Jimmie.

At the Alta, Ryan's written record showed we had caught 30 salmon weighing an average of 24 pounds each and nine grise at an average of five pounds. Down at the Malangfossen, where the fishing is done by jugging heavy spoons from boats that are rowed around the pool near the head of the falls, the luck was not so good, and the method was unsatisfactory. "This takes me back to Conney Island 50 years ago. This is not fishing," said Krendler. "When you become acquainted with salmon, you hate to kill them like this." The party began to read the boat assignments as if they were a duty roster. "I would like a 72-hour pass," Seth Baker said.

"We could try to get some sleep," said Ryan, "but in these places it's too expensive to sleep."

"I'll get my big fish mounted and we can hang it at '21,'" Jimmie said in an effort to direct the conversation.

"I ain't a dirt collector," said Krendler.

The party was on the verge of disintegration. Some rather imperious gentlemen had lived together in the Arctic for about as long as they could. The dormitory life was beginning to pull. Sensing the feelings, Sven Ericksen produced his *gikkar*, an instrument made of a mop handle, a tin can full of nails and a wooden stick to whack the thing with while he simultaneously pounded it on the floor, stomped a foot and sang. There was a reviving of spirits, and in the morning Jimmie Graham killed four salmon on a silver spoon, Bob Graham killed two more on flies, and four got away. When we left the Malangfossen cabin, where grass grew on the roof, to attack the Driva, the X Kilo Club was radiating solidarity.

That is why the Frontier Room at "21" is now the Izak Walton Room. That is why in front of the building at 21 West 52nd Street in Manhattan you may have seen the fellows with the blazer buttons depicting leaping salmon and thought they were the Gaspé Peninsula choir or a rowing team from New Brunswick. What you saw was the X Kilo Club heading for a meeting. Being as markedly independent as X Kilo Club members are, meetings are rare, and the arguments at each gathering are a threat to club unity. But negotiations have begun for a lease on the Alta again next summer. Somewhere, in another deep pool, a big salmon is waiting, and the time for big salmon is running out.

ENO



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Watch out for the Other Guy.



FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—NBA: Johnny Carter, acquired earlier in the week from the Rockets, scored nine points during a fourth-quarter comeback in a game in which he first gave for PHILADELPHIA (10-12) to help the team beat the Bulls 133-116 and snap a two-game losing streak. Sell, the 2-3 for the Bulls, who lost in the first cut to three games, when BOSTON (21-13) won one of two. Dave of DUBUQUE (16-23) averaged 40 points in four games, only one of which the Bruins won. CINCINNATI (21-23) took four of five at Omar Robertson and Jerry Lucas excelled. Lucas scored 34 points and grabbed 27 rebounds, and Robertson had 30 points in a 134-118 win over the Nets. Against the Celtics, who fell by 39 points in the second round, Robertson led in 40 points and Lucas 27 to lead the Royals in a 120-116 victory. NEW YORK (21-25) was three straight, making it its sixth in a row. Before losing to the Warriors 127-117, BALTIMORE (16-27) defeated the Royals 111-111 when Earl Monroe scored 31 points. Then lost four times. ST. LOUIS (13-31) lost in the West to 20-25, guests with four wins in Alvin Williams and Zeno Barty each scored 20 points. Three times, SAN FRANCISCO (31-34) lost to the Pistons (18-32) then topped the Rockets when four players scored in the 105-95 victory. LOS ANGELES (22-32) lost its only game in CHICAGO (31-29) split a pair and SAN DIEGO (13-34) lost a game of its history game ahead of last-place SEATTLE (15-35), which lost twice.

ABA—PITTSBURGH (26-15) won its first three games—making it 18 of 19—and finally took over first place in the East. The Pistons then lost twice and came to a then half game lead at week's end. Seventeen three-point field goals helped the Pistons to their three wins. Chase Vaughan got eight of them in a 98-82 win over the Warriors, three against the Pacers in a 138-115 victory and two in a 123-108 victory over the Chicago Bulls. MINNESOTA (25-14) opened with a 106 win over the Pacers, closed with a 120-101 victory against the Pistons, but lost three games in three. INDIANA (24-23) closed against the two top clubs, while NEW JERSEY (20-24) won three times as Tulsa. Los Angeles had three points each game. KENTUCKY (25-27) won three of four, with Lou Demery getting an ABA high of 38 points in a 113-112 win over the Bulls. NEW ORLEANS (25-14) won two of four and had its margin in the West pared to 3½ games as DENVER (24-18) beat the Celtics. BOSTON (25-14) won two of four. DALLAS (20-18) won two of three. OAKLAND (15-25) dropped three games and HOUSTON (15-27) moved out of the cellar by winning one of four. A pair shot by Willie Somerset in the final second of overtime gave the Mavericks a 127-120 win over ANAHEIM (15-29), which lost four straight.

The EAST had the 126-120 in the league's first All-Star Game in Indianapolis.

BASEBALL—Germans: BOB FOGANO, ZIMMERER and PETER UTZSCHNIDER, the leaders after the opening day's race, were declared winners of the European two-man championships in St. Moritz when the last two runs were canceled because of heavy rain.

FOOTBALL—PRO: GREEN BAY beat Oakland 33-14 in the Super Bowl III, Miami (page 14).

GOLF—JOHNNEY POTTS sank a 25-foot chip that on the first hole of a sudden-death playoff 10-9 to beat Bobby Evelyn (retired) by a stroke over Phil C. Cuper and Bruce Devine (page 24).

HOCKEY—NHL: With Bobby Hall and Stan Mikita each scoring three times, EVANS led CHICAGO (28-19-11) picked up a win and two ties and extended its unbeaten streak to six games. Hall became the fourth player in NHL history to reach the 400-goal mark when he scored twice in a 2-1 victory that secured place BOSTON (21-14-1). The Bruins beat the Red Wings 3-4, but lost their other game 1-5 to MONTREAL (19-14-9). The Canadiens won four in a row, lengthened their unbeaten streak to nine games and leapfrogged all the way down a tie for last place to within one point of the Blues. CAROLINA scored in the final period to beat the Red Wings 4-1 and J. C. Tremblay got a goal with 41 seconds left to edge the Penguins 4-3. TORONTO (19-14-9) took four games in a row, the Penguins 7-6 and Rob Rutherford scored a hat trick and had two assists. NEW YORK (18-15-1) had a tie and a win and moved to within two games of the Maple Leafs, whom they beat 6-2. DETROIT (17-17-1) lost three games, but salvaged a tie with Black Hawks. PHILADELPHIA (18-15-4) maintained its five-point lead in the West, de-

spite losing two of three games. A win and a tie enabled MINNESOTA (18-15-1) to climb to second place. LOS ANGELES (16-21-4) lost its eighth straight before tying the Blues 2-3, but dropped into a deadlock for third place with PITTSBURGH (15-26-4), which lost three of four. ST. LOUIS (14-21-5) had three, lost once, while last-place OAKLAND (16-23-1) buried back to earn 2-1 ties, with both the Blues and the North Stars.

BASEBALL—Defending World Cup after JEAN-CLAUDE KILLY of France won the gold medal at Anfield early in the week, then lost with his aster at the Commonwealth Games in Sweden (page 20). He was 116 of 161 in the world cup, with an opponent win in the slalom fell just 27 yards short of the French lead.

CERTIFIED GOLF of America led in comparison for the summer's World Cup with a season's total of 40 points by winning the slalom and placing fourth in the grand slalom in Gstaad, Switzerland. In second with 40 points was France's Madame Genevieve. Defending cup holder NANCY GREENE of Canada, who won the grand slalom but had lost 100-place finish in the slalom and had finished the slalom a game was third with 38 points. Wendy Allen of San Pedro, Calif. was fourth—finishing a lot of the U.S. girls who placed in the top 50 of the slalom and Kiki Culter of Reed, Ore. took a seventh in the grand slalom.

TRACK & FIELD—Four foreign stars are competing today, the second, but to off them, KIP HUBBARD and Avonir RASHI DOUBILET came through with impressive wins at the Krings of Columbus race in Berlin. Hubbard broke the 400-meter race record with a 4:02.3. RASHI came closing by Villanova's Dave Patrick to win by seven yards. Doublet won the 1,000-yard race in a record-setting time of 2:27.7. GEORGE FERNON of the Bahamas (Cuba) A. took the mark of 44' 11" in the 150-yard sprint, while a 1:00.7 in the 100-yard dash. ST. LOUIS (15-27) won the 44-yard event in Boston, tying the world mark of 44, and also won at 60 yards in 7.0 at the National Invitational in Washington. New Yorker JOHN CARLOS and California high jumper BILL GAINES swapped wins in the decathlon. Carlos won the 60-yard event in Washington, while Gaines, a judge, dominated in a race in which both were clocked in 8.8. Gaines won the 20-yard sprint by a yard in 2.1 in Boston the next day. Peter Vashon BOB SEAGREN of USC won in Washington with a low of 14' 8½", then lost in VINCE BIZZARD of Villanova, who closed 5' 7½".

WRESTLING—AWARDED TO ERING KAUFFMAN, 31, president of Mason Laboratories, Inc. (BFI, Jan. 8) the American League franchise for a baseball team to replace the Athletics, who moved to Oakland last fall. Kauffman's team will begin play in 1980.

HIRED—As head football coaches at Columbia, FRANK NAVARRO, 37, whose teams at Williams had a 20-11 record during the last two seasons, and at Idaho, Y. C. McNEASE, 31, former assistant at Michigan.

ANNOUNCED—By basketball coach at Niagara, FRANK LAYDEN, 36, currently the coach at Adelphi Suffolk College on Long Island, who will take over the team next season replacing JIM MALONEY, 35, who submitted his resignation, effective at the end of this, his third season.

DECIDED—By the NCAA to permit freshmen to compete in all varsity sports except football and basketball, a rule that will be effective immediately but will not be retroactive. The NCAA also modified the controversial 1.6 scholarship rule, which stipulates that a student-athlete must spend one year entering college that he can do at least 100 games, 14 weeks in order to receive scholarship aid. A student-athlete will no longer have to complete the 14 weeks after he enters school provided that he plays college's varsity standards meet NCAA requirements.

SWAPPED—A pair of unlikely outfielders, DICK SIMPSON, 24, who hit 299 for the Cincinnati Reds last year, in exchange for ALLEN JOHNSON, 25, who batted .221 for the St. Louis Cardinals.

BANNED—From the International Lawn Tennis Federation and Davis Cup play, the BRITISH LTA, beginning April 21 when new British rules will permit prize to compete against amateurs.

DIED—BILL MASTERTON, 28, goalie center for the Minnesota North Stars, of head injuries suffered two nights before when he fell to the ice in a game against Oakland.

CRIDITS
15-18—Walter Hays Jr. 17—Hank Schaefer 18
18-19—John 21—John 22—John 23—John 24
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BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE EAST 1. ST. BONAVENTURE (12-0) 2. COLUMBIA (10-3) 3. LA SALLE (11-3)

The pot was boiling at Niagara. While Villanova's well-designed zone defenses were holding Calvin Murphy to 24 points, lowest of his career, and the Wildcats were beating the Purple Eagles 74-57, some Niagara students broke out MALONEY MUST GO and WIN DESPITE HIM signs. Three days later Coach Jim Maloney resigned, effective at the end of the season, charging he had been hampered in recruiting and scheduling by Athletic Director Taps Gallagher. This stunted Murphy and his teammates against Canisius. Calvin fired in 48 points, Manny Leaks pulled down 14 rebounds and Niagara won 95-74. "We promised the coach we would win for him," said Murphy. "I was psyched," exclaimed Leaks.

St. Bonaventure had no such problems. Everybody was happy after the unbeaten Bonnies smacked DePaul 77-67. Especially 6' 11" sophomore Bob Lauer, who scored 25 points, blocked eight shots and had 14 rebounds and six steals.

Some other independents were beginning to flex their muscles, too. St. John's, after a 65-61 overtime win over Georgetown, buried St. Francis 83-30. Boston College talked to beat Boston U. 102-80, while Army, surviving a cold spell, outlasted Fordham 67-65. Philadelphia basketball was acquiring that old look. La Salle routed Loyola in New Orleans 70-51, and then, with Larry Cannon scoring 30 points and Bernie Williams 26, the Explorers poured it on Syracuse 105-81. Temple beat Penn 72-64 and Wake Forest 84-73, and St. Joseph's defeated Xavier of Ohio 71-60 and Mount St. Mary's 80-66.

Dartmouth tried a slowdown against Princeton, but lost anyway 59-39. However, the Indians must have learned something. Next time out they beat Penn 56-34 for their first win. And Princeton trounced Harvard 99-71. But Columbia (page 22) was the Ivy League's biggest worry. The Lions battered Colgate 94-48.

THE SOUTHWEST 1. HOUSTON (16-0) 2. NEW MEXICO STATE (14-2) 3. TEXAS AT EL PASO (10-2)

The big talk in Houston, naturally, was about next week's game in the Astrodome between No. 1-ranked UCLA and No. 2 Houston. Meanwhile the unbeaten Cougars made it 16 straight. With Elvin Hayes scor-

ing 31 points, they trampled West Texas State 96-53.

New Mexico State and Texas at El Paso, the area's other leading independents, feasted on small-college foes. The Aggies belabored Santa Fe 105-62, Southern Colorado 81-71 and Western New Mexico 96-67, while UTEP beat Lamar Tech 83-65 and Southern Colorado 85-66.

The sad truth in the Southwest Conference is that nearly every team is mediocre. Texas, TCU and Baylor began the week tied for the lead. Then Texas, making advantage of TCU's loss of Jim Cash on fouls, came from behind to edge the Frogs 66-65. But Arkansas upset Texas 85-80. That left Baylor, which earlier had beaten Arkansas 80-69, all alone at the top. Rice, however, was showing signs of life after a miserable 3-9 start. Greg Williams' 25-foot jumper in the last second ("I couldn't find Larry Miller," explained Williams, "so what else could I do?") beat SMU 73-71, and then the Dwhs took Texas Tech 81-68.

THE SOUTH 1. NORTH CAROLINA (11-1) 2. TENNESSEE (9-1) 3. KENTUCKY (9-2)

When they awoke last Monday morning Tennessee players were greeted by a sign reading: WE LIKE MR. ORANGE—CRUSHED stretched across the front door of Gibbs Hall, their plush athletic dorm. Tennessee called it the work of a Vanderbilt raiding party, while Vandy backers insisted the pennantship resembled the fine hand of Tennessee Coach Ray Mears. Whatever the origin, the Vols reacted. While their sticky 1-3-1 defense harassed Vanderbilt's shooters, 22 points by backcourter Bill Justus and 18 more by 7' Tom Boerwinkle had Tennessee in a 60-60 tie with 3:55 to play. Four free throws by Billy Hann and Larry Mansfield won for the Vols 64-62.

Georgia was the next visitor to Knoxville, and the Bulldogs, still shaky after a severe bombing by LSU's Pete Maravich—he scored 42 points against them as the Tigers won 79-76—lost to Tennessee 77-72. That, along with Florida's 96-78 upset of Kentucky, gave the Vols the SEC lead.

The big news, though, was Maravich, who scored 52 points as LSU whipped Tulane 100-91. He now leads the nation with a 45-point average. A skinny, 6' 5", 175-pounder with a floppy Beetle haircut, he wears old sloppy gray "good luck" socks that sag around his ankles, but he shoots, handles the ball and passes off like Oscar

Robertson. Pete is also LSU's leading rebounder, which bothers his father-coach, Press Maravich. "They bump him, push him, grab at him and pull his pants," complains Press. "I wish he'd stay the hell out from under the basket. He could get killed, for Pete's sake."

It looked as though it was all over for North Carolina when 6' 10" Rusty Clark fouled out with 17:11 to go and North Carolina State ahead by eight points. But Charlie Scott, who scored 13 of his 15 points in the second half, and Larry Miller, who got 17, led the team to a 68-66 victory. Clemson was easier for the Tar Heels. Carolina won 115-83, as Miller scored 30.

There's no place like Morgantown for West Virginia's Mountaineers. They lost to Maryland 79-75 at College Park, and on the way home the players were so sick from the flu and virus that the team bus had to stop six times. Back in friendly Morgantown, the Mountaineers suddenly recovered. With Ron Williams shooting in 30 points, they overcame a 16-point deficit to beat Davidson 89-86. "It took pressure, prayer and luck," said Coach Bucky Waters.

As far as Western Kentucky was concerned, the Ohio Valley was a mess. Eastern Kentucky routed the Hilltoppers 99-69, and Murray State led the conference.

THE MIDWEST 1. MARQUETTE (12-2) 2. KANSAS (11-3) 3. NOTRE DAME (12-3)

There was an odd twist in the Big Ten race. Teams were winning on the road. Indiana began the day, beating Illinois 61-60 in overtime, and then the Hoosiers got a dose of their own medicine in Bloomington. Northwestern, behind by 16 points, cut Indiana's lead to one with 2:19 to go. Sophomore Guard Dale Kelley, who scored 32 points, flipped in a 15-foot jumper to put the Wildcats ahead, and they ran off eight straight points to win 86-81. Iowa and Purdue, however, won at home. Iowa had to go into overtime to take Ohio State 74-72, but Purdue breezed past Wisconsin 99-79 as Rick Mount scored 40 points. That was not the end of Wisconsin's troubles. Independent Marquette, with Brian Brunkhorst holding Joe Franklin to eight points, whacked the poor Badgers 71-56. Marquette also trounced Denver 82-57.

Things suddenly were becoming more interesting in the Missouri Valley. Bradley surprised Louisville 70-68 in Peoria, and now Bradley, Drake, Tulsa and Cincinnati, each with one league loss, all had a chance again. "It would have been all over if Louisville had won there," said Drake's Maurice John. John's team got caught up in a cliff-hanger with Wichita State. The score was tied with time running out, and Wichita's Gary Thompson said later, "The strategy was to see who would throw the ball

General Motors Polite lights

away last. Wichita did and fouled Ron Draper with one second left. Draper missed his first shot but made the second, and the Bulldogs squeaked through 75-74. Exuberant Drake fans grabbed the nearest player—Dolph Pulliam—and started to carry him off the court. But they dropped him, and Pulliam got trampled in the excitement.

Kansas, a narrow 68-67 winner over Iowa State on Bruce Sloan's free throw in the last second, had unexpected company at the top of the Big Eight. Oklahoma's Sooners, who used to be gunners but who have turned conservative under new Coach John MacLeod, took only 45 shots, made 26 and beat Oklahoma State 61-58 for their second conference win. The Mid-American also had an unlikely leader. Kent State upset Toledo 68-66, and when Western Michigan took Kent 74-72 the Broncos moved into first place.

Notre Dame had a delightful week. The Irish beat Creighton 72-63, Detroit 83-63 and DePaul 75-68.

THE WEST 1. UTAH (12-0) 2. UTAH (13-1) 3. NEW MEXICO (14-0)

With or without Lew Alcindor, apparently, there is no beating UCLA. California thought it had a chance, with 6'11" Bob Presley to fight Lew in the pivot. But Alcindor overwhelmed Presley and Cal until he caught a finger in his left eye. He scored 44 points as the Bruins coasted 94-64. That finger, however, caused a "superficial abrasion" on the surface of Alcindor's eyeball, and he had to sit out the next day's game with Stanford. So Mike Lynn moved to center and scored 17 points, Edgar Lile took over the rebounding and UCI A won its 46th straight 75-63.

Perhaps it was merely wishful thinking, but USC was not giving up yet—in the Pacific Eight. The Trojans were at a first-place tie with UCI A after beating Stanford 90-60 and California 80-65.

It was bedlam when Wyoming came to town to play unbeaten New Mexico. Tickets were so scarce that fathers begged their coed daughters to take them to the game as dates and 15,151 jammed into University Arena. Coach Bob King put his Lobos into what he calls the "pressure cooker"—a double-teaming defense—and it was 33-33 at the half. Then New Mexico went to man-to-man, began feeding the ball to Ron Nelson—who scored 30 points—and the Lobos won 81-65. "If anyone had predicted we'd be undefeated at this point," said King, "I'd have said he was on LSD."

Utah and Brigham Young also have not lost in the Western AC. Utah beat Arizona State 109-77 and Arizona 83-77, while BYU took Arizona 72-62 and Arizona State 94-78. Pacific got a shock in the WCAC—an 80-72 defeat by San Jose State. **END**



1...let you see around corners.

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Guide Division



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

NORTHWEST BY SOUTHEAST

Sirs:

Your January 8 issue was a fine one. A longtime reader of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, I have often disagreed with and even been enraged by some of your opinions and found many articles on what I consider the lesser sports (hunting, boating, skiing, etc.) very uninteresting. However, I found this issue engrossing from cover to cover. Your recognition of the Southeast, and particularly North Carolina, as one of the hotbeds of fine basketball and your recognition of North Carolina State University as one of the nation's Top 10 football teams did nothing to lessen my opinion.

KENNETH E. PATE

Raleigh, N.C.

Sirs:

Joe Jares was more than complimentary to the University of North Carolina in his recent article on the Far West Classic (*The B.V.D. Boys Shoot Down a Hex*, Jan. 5). But so the Chapel Hill faithful it was music to their ears. The final victory over Oregon State is even more impressive when one realizes that starting Center Rusty Clark was suffering from "food poisoning" and that Forward Bill Bunting did not even dress for the game.

F. WALTON AVERY

Seattle

Sirs:

Congratulations on your fine article on Portland's Far West Classic. We often feel slighted here in the Northwest, where LewCLA dominates all we read and many fine teams pass almost unnoticed.

However grateful for the coverage, I feel compelled to point out two factors which escaped mention in your feature. The Portland classic drew nearly 60,000 people from a population of 400,000, second only to the 68,000 attending in New York. The second point is that a fifth-ranked North Carolina barely squeaked by an Oregon State team rated nowhere by anyone.

Let all the East Coast, Southwest and Midwest sportswriters have their national rankings, while we sit back and enjoy the best round ball played anywhere.

KIM H. WHITMAN

Portland, Ore.

Sirs:

I would like to thank SI and Curry Kirkpatrick for the splendid article, much awaited by us Norfolkers, about Norfolk State College's dynamic basketball team (*All Together Now—A Big Whomp for Norfolk State*, Jan. 8). We have waited for over two years for the Spartans, the nation's leading

collegiate point producers, to receive their share of the national limelight. This red-hot, explosive and currently undefeated quarter would like nothing better than to meet and beat what you call the best!

JOHN LEE WILKINS
Norfolk, Va.

Sirs:

I believe Curry Kirkpatrick has it. I mean the sound the crowd makes when the Norfolk State basketball team scores a basket. Heaven knows, I tried to get it in my stories. Last time I wrote, I said it was "whump" and then "whoomp." Kirkpatrick's "whomp" is it, I believe. Jolly good show.

LARRY BONKO
Ledger-Star

Norfolk, Va.

THE PILLAGE (CONT.)

Sirs:

I have read many conservation articles in my day but I don't recall encountering one that had as much pure "meat" as *How to Stop the Pillage of America* (Dec. 11). I have reread your article a number of times and the conviction has grown that a copy of it should be in the hands of every conservation leader in Florida.

I realize that this article is only one of a number of excellent presentations of natural resource problems that have appeared in your magazine. I am sorry that I have not written to you in commendation of each of them, but please rest assured that the prestige of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* is very high among all the growing army of citizens who are alarmed about the deteriorating quality of our environment.

KENNETH D. MORRISON
Governor's Natural
Resources Committee

Lake Wales, Fla.

Sirs:

How to Stop the Pillage of America should be must reading for every high school and college student in the country, because these are the people who are going to have to deal with the rapidly growing complexity of the problems.

The idea of a National Council of Ecological Advisors to be established by Congress with the advice of the Department of the Interior seems to me to be excellent. It should be pushed, both by the too few Congresses actively and dedicatedly interested in our conservation problems and by the leading conservation organizations in the country. In this latter context I was perplexed by the omission of any mention of the National Wildlife Federation and its well-known executive director, Thomas L. Kimball, an

experienced battler for the conservation of our natural resources on all fronts.

DONALD J. ZINN

Kingston, R.I.

Sirs:

Thank you for adding your influential voice in support of conservation in the interests of all Americans. Maybe if the conservation cause is continually supported by mass media, politicians will stop talking and start acting to clean up rivers, air pollution and prevent destruction of our natural beauty. Keep up the good work!

GERALD L. LONDON

CBS Television Network

New York City

Sirs:

I want to commend your magazine for the publication of Robert H. Boyle's article. Making rational decisions, profiting by past mistakes, and learning to anticipate future problems in the management of our environment is becoming a matter of greater urgency because the space of time between each new acquisition and application of scientific and technical power is growing successively shorter. The scope and scale of change in the latter half of the 20th century, coupled with population pressures and conflicting demands on our limited natural resources, make it imperative that better management and decision-making techniques be devised.

As Mr. Boyle's article wisely points out, these techniques will have to be implemented at the local, state and Federal levels if we are to restore and maintain a quality environment for present and future generations.

On December 15 I introduced a bill to establish a national program on environmental quality control. This legislation is now under study by the staff of the Senate Interior and Insular Affairs Committee and would accomplish a number of recommendations made in Mr. Boyle's article.

HENRY M. JACKSON

U.S. Senator

Washington

Sirs:

I consider your provocative article an excellent discussion of a subject with which too few people are familiar. I was disappointed, however, to find that you did not mention the fact that the State of Rhode Island in 1965 passed legislation designed to preserve as much salt marsh in the state as possible. One of these legislative measures prohibits the alteration or filling of a marsh without permission of the state, and the other, in effect, provides for the zoning of salt marsh areas.

continued



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SETH HOLE continued

It is my hope that you will continue to make known to Americans how important for all of us is the preservation of this valuable natural resource.

JOHN H. CHAFFE
Governor

Providence

Srs

As a member of the House Interior Committee with direct responsibility in the area, I was indeed gratified by your article. You have detailed in broad perspective the problems of environment and the great need to conserve our wildlife resources.

I introduced my proposed Lake Restoration Act having in mind the conditions you featured. Hopefully, the word "eutrophication," the excessive fertilization of plants which turns lakes into marshland, will not become a household term like pollution. Your article should spark a new effort.

THEODORE R. KUPFERMAN
Member of Congress

Washington

ATOMIC RACQUETS

Srs

I was interested to read the short article titled "Under Wraps" (SportsCARD, Dec 11) relating to the atomic pile built in the squash courts under the old west grandstand of Stagg Field at the University of Chicago. I believe you have unwittingly adopted an error committed by the rest of the press commemorating the 25th anniversary of Fermi's successful self-sustaining chain reaction.

The atomic pile was not located in a squash court but in a racquet court, which, as you know, is considerably larger than a squash court. The court was installed under the Stagg Field grandstand soon after the west bleachers were built. The reason I have knowledge of the type of court is because a fraternity brother, Fleischer Catron of Santa Fe, N. Mex., and myself, both members of Coach Stagg's baseball teams of 1912-1913, played a variety of racquets or squash in the court while we attended law school at the university. I designate our game as a "variety of racquets or squash" because racquet balls were scarce at that time in Chicago, so most of our play was with squash balls and squash racquets. While we were in school I don't recall that anyone else used the court in any fashion.

Another recollection I have of the court is that the walls and ceiling were constructed of large slabs of slate. Your mention of the need for fur coats in the court during cold weather is indeed correct. There was no heat and, during the winter months, we were heavily clad in sweat clothes when playing "squash racquets."

THOMAS E. SCOFIELD

Kansas City, Mo.



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